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THE SHAH, WITH THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS, WITNESSING BROCK'S GRAND FIREWORKS DISPLAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Shah had good reason to be delighted with the brilliant and varied entertainment provided for him on Saturday last by the energetic Manager of the Crystal Palace, Mr. Henshaw Russell. It was a truly royal fête, and drew together an attendance of 42,569, all told. The Shah and suite drove down by road from London with the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise of Wales, and Lord Fife (to observe which "happy couple" in any public place is to be convinced that the engagement is, as the Prince said, one of pure affection). The admiration of the Shah and of his Royal companions was first excited by the lovely show of the National Rose Society; and next by the Variety entertainment forthcoming in the central transept in front of the Handel Orchestra. The occupants of the Royal boxes, the Shah and the Prince notably, were seen to be highly amused with the droll evolutions of Lockhart's well-trained troupe of elephants. The Shah actually laughed and clapped his hands. The sumptuous banquet supplied by Mr. Bertram for the Royal party was worthy the high repute of this popular restaurateur. The culminating point of magnificence was the special Pyrotechnic display devised by Messrs. Brock in honour of the occasion, a superb exhibition of Fireworks such as the Brocks have deservedly won fame for all the world over. The Shah touched a spring in the centre balcony, and instantly the pretty gardens and grounds were illuminated by coloured fires. It was bright as day. Portraits of the Shah and the friendly Prince and Princess were outlined in fire. The rocket showers were witching in effect. Well did Messrs. Brock merit the Prince's eulogiums. There was not time to view the captivating Pastoral Ballet Mr. Oscar Barrett has arranged, under the happy title of "A Golden Dream," for the stage of the sylvan open-air theatre. But all who are drawn to the Crystal Palace to witness a repetition of the Shah's Firework Fête should make it a point to see this fascinating ballet, and also to inspect the tasteful illuminations of the grounds, which are enchanting after dusk, and supply a Musical Promenade of unsurpassed attractiveness.

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The Marriage Contract of the Crown Prince of Greece and Princess Sophie of Prussia was concluded last week. The Princess receives a dowry of 2,000,000 marks (£100,000), on which she inherited a life interest from her father, Emperor Frederick. The Princess will also receive from her mother a marriage portion of a hundred thousand marks (£5000); but her right of inheritance from her mother will remain completely intact.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

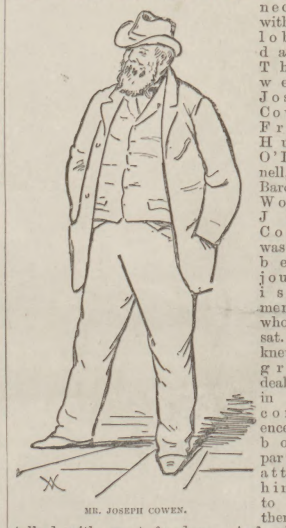
PERSONAL POLITICS

The Lobby: As It Was.

I WAS standing the other day in the lobby, and mentally comparing its condition to-day with what it was before the great clearance of a Session ago. The Speaker then made a desert, and called it a peace. But in the '74 and the '80 Parliaments the lobby was the great political exchange of the British nation. From it arose the hum of a hundred voices. Parliamentary agents, wire-pullers, lawyers, deputations from constituents, peers, foreign notabilities, journalists, and what not, swarmed. Till the dinner-hour — now abolished—it was, in the absence of a big debate inside, the very centre of gossip, information, scandal, intrigue. F. W. Chesson, J. Raper, T. W. Russell, Paynter Allen, Lydia Becker, Carvell Williams, these and a score of others were always in evidence. Such a meeting-place was, of course, a rich harvest for journalists, and more news came from the lobby than from, perhaps, any single resort in town.

Some Old Habitues.

Three figures especially among the members in those times come to mind in connection with old lobby days. They were Joseph Cowen, Frank Hugh O'Donnell, and Baron De Worms. Joe Cowen was the best journalist's member who ever sat. He knew a great deal, was in the confidences of both parties, attached himself to neither, and talked with great freedom. And what a charming talker he was—the little man with the slouch hat, ill-fitting coat with huge pockets and lappels, and shapeless trousers—easy, chatty, eloquent, humorous. To journalists he was good humour itself, and in his soft musical tone would chat for hours about matters which the member with "side" on and a future to make would keep well within the sacred circle of his statesmanlike heart. And then Mr. O'Donnell, with his eyeglass, his long blonde moustache, his "masher" air, his tightly buttoned frock-coat, and faultless inexpressibles: Frank Hugh was the great authority on foreign politics, about which he had special information, and also special "fads." He talked more than he knew; but he was always suggestive, and often right. He had a rival in Baron Henry De Worms, in old, non-official days one of the richest mines which the enterprising lobbyist could work. De Worms's specialty was also foreign politics, and his City connections and social relations in the Conservative party opened up to him some invaluable sources of information. Then there was Mr. Chaplin—fairly accessible, and a shrewd, constant lobbyist in days when lobbying was part of a politician's education—Mr. Labouchere, Sir John Puleston—still lobby habitués, by the way—Mr. Mundella, and others. Mr. Gladstone never lobbied, at least not in my time; and Lord Randolph very infrequently. He left his lobbying to Sir John Gorst and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff.



MR. JOSEPH COWEN.

As It Is.

And now all is changed. When the Speaker shut out whole flocks of the semi-detached—if I may so call them—among politicians, all liveliness and personal interest died out. The lobby is now a mere shadow of its ancient glory. Statesmen now prefer to make their *communiqués* by letter, if they make them at all, to one or two favoured journalists; and the old free-and-easy traditions of lobby intercourse are all but destroyed. Members have ceased to come there; old journalists, who knew it by heart, have grown indifferent to it; and the valuable touch that was thus kept between statesmanship and journalism is almost entirely lost. The result is that you have fewer "inspired" leaders than you used to have, and that both parties affect to steer their course more independently of the journalistic promptings that used to come through the "word-in-your-ear" of the inner lobby. The result is, I think, a distinct loss—more, perhaps, to the Liberals than to the Conservatives—in a certain want of touch between the rank and file and their leaders, between the official programmes and the popular needs.

An Invaluable Secretary.

It is a curious fact that the most popular Minister among the Conservative party in the Commons, with the possible exception of Mr. Smith, is Mr. Goschen. The belief in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's ability and honesty is becoming a cardinal point in the Conservative creed. Personal questions have, of course, a good deal to do with these preferences. Thus, Mr. Smith is not only a good man of business and a very fair leader of the House, but he gives some of the best dinners in London in his big house in Grosvenor-place. Then Mr. Goschen is personally a very amiable man. His temper is a little warm, but he is cultured, kindly, and with wide interests.

MR. GOSCHEN.

At the Treasury they talk of his ability and thoroughness, in private circles of his good nature. But he has one indispensable to success in a public man: he has a first-rate private secretary. Mr. Gladstone has a genius for picking out private secretaries of talent, and Mr. Goschen has had a rare find in Mr. Alfred Milner. Mr. Milner was one of the most distinguished men of his day at Oxford—a first-rate speaker, a brilliant scholar, with a Balliol scholarship, the Hertford, leading naturally to a first-class in classical honours and a fellowship. There was only one line of life in which he did not attain a remarkable success, and that was journalism. He was for some little time assistant editor on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but the post was not altogether suited to his genius. In politics he has generally gone with the moderate section of the Liberal party, and his early attachment to Mr. Goschen's fortunes and flag probably decided him when the great Home Rule division came on. Personally, Mr. Milner is the ideal of the Oxford man of the best type—grave, perfectly cautious, refined, receptive. As a speaker, he has, I should say, few rivals, even in the House of Commons. His old college friend Asquith has more brilliancy, but less depth. Milner is the thoughtful, polished, balanced representative of the older Liberalism; Asquith is the strong, keen, deft exponent of the new.

Sir Salar Jung.

I see that Sir Salar Jung is dead. I remember seeing and talking to him in the Jubilee year—a big, six-foot-two young man, with a pleasant open face, and a keen interest in everything European, especially in Mr. Gladstone, of whom he was very proud. He was for some time practically Prime Minister to the Nizam of Hyderabad; but he was rather weak, I fancy, and in no way comparable to his father, the statesman. His bear-leader in Europe and England was Mr. Moreton Frewen — who married one of handsome Lady Randolph Churchill's handsome sisters — and is himself as presentable a bit of humanity as one wants to see. Moreton Frewen has done nearly everything—gone in for cattle farming in Texas, big-game shooting in India and Africa, and has seen sport and adventure wherever either were to be had. He is a kind of travelling budget. Bimetallism, our Imperial customs, protection, what-not — all these he has taken up in turn. He is great on the American silver question; he can talk in a rattling, clever, entertaining way about anything. He is a first-rate host, an excellent dinner-table companion, and a born sportsman. Unfortunately, he will take up statesmanship.

Sir Charles Dilke.

Sir Charles and Lady Dilke have returned from their pretty place in Royat, in the Pûy-de-Dôme, and have gone up the river to a little cabin where Sir Charles renews his old boating life, and rows in a pair with another old 'Varsity oar. Then he leaves for another tiny châlet, near Woking, in the heart of the fine county of Surrey. In the winter he and Lady Dilke entertain their friends, but accept no invitations in return. A fresh statement of his case is in preparation, new evidence has turned up, and Sir Charles's friends express great confidence in the result.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

Wilkie Collins's New Story.

"BLIND LOVE," written with all his old skill and art, commenced boldly in the last Number of the *Illustrated London News*, and promises to be as engrossing as the great novelist's famous serial "The Woman in White." I append the artist's notion of the winsome heroine of "Blind Love," named Iris Henley. Wilkie Collins says of this bewitching being: "Miss Henley's chief claim to admiration lay in a remarkable mobility of expression, which reflected every change of feeling peculiar to the nature of a sweet and sensitive woman." How Iris Henley runs away from home to the banking-house of her godfather at Ardoon—all on account of a love-affair—is recounted with the clearness for which our author is celebrated. In the opening chapters is also sprung upon the reader an Irish mystery, which will shortly be found to have a tragic issue. Excellently illustrated by M. Forestier, Wilkie Collins's "Blind Love," in fine, bids fair to hold every lover of fiction spellbound. Yes. This Past Master in an art which Mr. W. H. Smith alone (unlike, mayhap, his railway bookstall agents) seems to undervalue, maintains the vigour of his style. The exceeding great care Wilkie Collins invariably takes in writing his stories, and in revising proofs for the press, should be a lesson to all young novelists. All will rejoice to learn he is improving in health. Long may he flourish as chief of the British school of novelists!

IRIS HENLEY.

General Booth

(whose great Salvation Army Holiday at the Alexandra Palace on Tuesday was a remarkable instance of good organisation) is undeniably a man of strong individuality and power. He is above the ordinary height, he is bearded as a pard; he has eyes as keen as a

THE LAST WIMBLEDON JOUST: GEORGE'S CROWNING TILT AT THE WINDMILL, *à la* DON QUIXOTE.

hawk's; and he has a Roman nose not unworthy of comparison with the great Duke of Wellington's. When your "Prompter" had the honour of interviewing General Booth at the Salvation Army Headquarters in the City, he was not exactly converted by the S. A. Commander-in-Chief, but he could not help acknowledging that the General has a sincere belief in the efficacy of his crusade as a means of reclaiming the very poor, who have not been gathered within the fold of the Established Church or any of the recognised Dissenting organisations.

Dr. Benson's Benevolent Face

is photographed to the life in the valuable new monthly work, "Dignitaries of the Church," which also contains similarly vivid portraits of each accompanied by a memoir. Churchgoers cannot fail to value this valuable half-a-crown monthly, as the eminent divines are photographed with rare artistic skill by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent-street.

Freemasons

have now their luxurious sixpenny paper, of the style of *Truth* and the *World*, but issued monthly. The Editor may be congratulated upon the high tone of the first Number of the *Masonic Review*, notable for a portrait of the Prince as Grand Master, and the readable notes of "The Druid."

The Lovely Reaches of the Upper Thames,

indescribably refreshing to the eye this July, can be most agreeably navigated by Imisch and Co.'s elegant Electric Launches. I had the pleasure on Sunday last of starting from Winter's yard at Windsor in the Delta Electric Launch. The trip to Great Marlow and back was simply delightful, mainly by reason of the noiseless progress of the buoyant craft, the utter absence of smoke, and of heat. Sufficient electricity was stored for the double journey. River picnics in the Imisch Electric Launches should become quite the fashion.

Sydney J. Low.

One is glad to see that Mr. Frederick Greenwood, late editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, has managed to effect a satisfactory compromise with his late proprietor, and that he has received substantial monetary indemnification. There is a manly honesty about Mr. Greenwood which we all admire, and, whatever difference of opinion there may be politically, it can scarcely be doubted that he has done honour to English journalism. His successor in the editorial chair of the *St. James's Gazette* office is Mr. Sydney James Low. Mr. Low achieved success at the University, and had displayed abundant historical knowledge in his "Dictionary of English History" before he went to the *St. James's*. There he has been a distinct success. His paper has paid Herr Steinkopp a dividend which it never did to Mr. Gibbs, and altogether it is thoroughly bright and well edited.

W. T. Stead.

Everyone knows Mr. W. T. Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He is a journalist from Tyneside, who has managed to make himself the most talked about of all journalists; he is also the author of "The Truth about Russia," and the friend of Madame de Novikoff. Mr. Stead is always under the influence of women. Now it is Madame de Novikoff, when he has Russia on the brain; now it is Mrs. Josephine Butler, when he can talk about nothing but the children; now it is Mrs. Besant, when he is all for social progress; and now it is Mrs. Ashton Dilke, when we hear rather too much of the late member for Chelsea.

E. T. Cook.

Mr. Stead's chief satellite is Mr. E. T. Cook. Mr. Cook is an enthusiast for art and a great admirer of Mr. Ruskin. His "Handbook to the National Gallery" fills a long-felt want. Other lights of the *Pall Mall* office are Mr. W. Hill and Mr. Charles Morley, a nephew of the member for Newcastle. One of the most gifted members of the staff is Mr. Henry Norman, who is at present travelling round the world. Of him more next week.

E. Lynn Linton.

The papers have been pretty full of Mrs. Lynn Linton lately, and I am not sorry that it should be so, for she deserves talking about, whether we discuss her as novelist, as journalist, or, better still, as woman. Mrs. Linton was at Mr. Labouchere's dinner party the other evening, to meet Mr. Gladstone, and she has been in print very much of late against the advocates of Woman's Suffrage. Mrs. Lynn Linton's belief in the lords of creation does not extend to her husband, from whom she has lived apart for many years, but "Under which Lord" is her new novel, perhaps "Under which Lord" is her remarkable book. It conceives, as Mr. Lowell has done in a well-known poem, of Jesus Christ appearing in simple guise amongst the sons of men in the poverty-stricken city life of the nineteenth century.

MRS. E. LYNN LINTON.
(From a Photograph by Friese Greene.)

The First Lady Journalist.

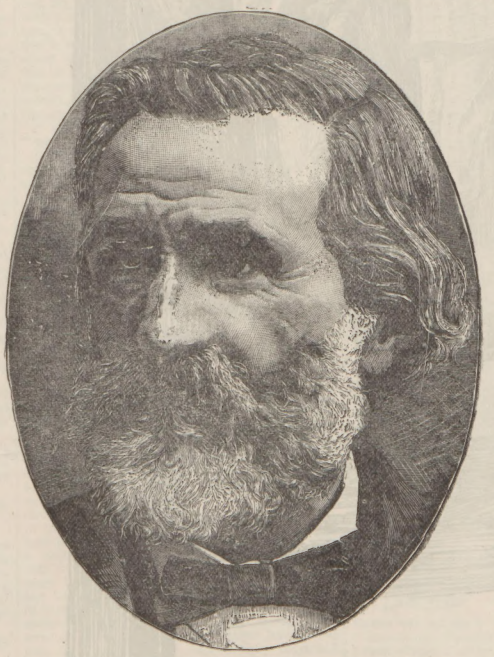
Mrs. Lynn Linton was the first lady journalist. Now there are scores of them. She wrote in the monthlies and weeklies, and was much valued by Charles Dickens when he edited *All the Year Round*. Curiously enough, Mrs. Lynn Linton lived for some years in the house at Gad's Hill which Dickens made famous. Then I must not forget the much-talked-of and much-quoted sketches on "The Girl of the Period," which appeared in the *Saturday Review*. Their authoress lives in a flat at Queen Anne's Mansions. She is full of reminiscences of Southey, Landor, and many celebrated friends of her early years.

W. J. Linton.

Mrs. Lynn Linton's husband, W. J. Linton, was one of the first wood engravers associated with the *Illustrated London News*. In his earlier years he was a Chartist, and long enjoyed the friendship of Mazzini. He did a large amount of work for the advanced publications of thirty years ago, and also published a "History of Wood Engraving." He has lived in the United States since 1867, and now resides at New Haven, Connecticut.

Mr. Gladstone's Love of Discipline.

A member of Parliament said to me the other day that he wondered the more at Mr. Gladstone's recent political views knowing his love of order and discipline. I saw an amusing illustration of the Grand Old Man's habits once at Dudley House, the residence of the Countess of Dudley, Park-lane. The Countess had kindly given the use of her beautiful picture-gallery for a meeting, at which a great many titled personages were present, and a friend of mine, a Conservative journalist, came in rather late to give an account of the proceedings for a morning



SIGNOR VERDI, THE ILLUSTRIOUS COMPOSER OF "OTELLO."

journal. There being a crowd, he had requested a footman to bring him a chair; but Mr. Gladstone, seeing my friend standing, rose himself and said, "Sit down, Sir!" The journalist could not sit down—unless upon the floor—but Mr. Gladstone became impatient, and, rising again, said, pointing to my friend, "Why don't you sit down, Sir?" "If you are Master of the Ceremonies, Mr. Gladstone, I beg your pardon, and will sit down when the footman brings a chair," said the journalist tartly.

Origin of Verdi's "Otello."

A chance remark at a dinner-party led to the production of Verdi's latest opera. Some friends were dining with him, among them being Signor Faccio, who conducted the opera at the Lyceum on Saturday; Ricordi, the music publisher; and Arrigo Boïto, the composer of the opera "Mefistofele," who has also considerable literary ability. In the course of conversation, Ricordi inquired if the composer was positive in his determination that "Aïda" should be the last of his works. Madame Verdi said the only inclination her husband had ever shown towards composition was when perusing some of Shakspeare's works. Little more was said on the subject; but Boïto, who had been thinking over the subject of "Othello" himself, completed a sketch he had made, and showed it to Verdi, who was so satisfied with it that he set about composing music at once, the result being the opera given at the Lyceum Theatre last Saturday.

THE PROMPTER.

Of the Princess of Wales the Shah has not hesitated to speak as "Durr-i-Yatim"—an "unparalleled pearl." The Shah is a good judge of beauty.

Dr. Hans Richter brought his season of 1889 to an end by an excellent performance of Berlioz's "Faust," in the St. James's Hall, last Monday evening.

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MUSIC & THE DRAMA

VERDI—Giuseppe Verdi—the illustrious son of a Rancol innkeeper, deservedly ranks as the most illustrious of living composers. Esteemed as he is renowned, Verdi lives in retirement in Italy, and has reached a green old age: he was born in 1814. It was over two years ago when the composer of "La Traviata" and "Il Trovatore," of "Aïda," and a host of other well-known operas, produced his grand lyric version of Shakspeare's "Othello" at La Scala, Milan. But it was not until Friday, the 5th of July last, that Verdi's "Otello" (libretto by Boïto) was performed in London; the said performance at the Lyceum being due to the enterprise of Mr. M. L. Mayer, the speculative entrepreneur of Sarah Bernhardt. Let it at once be said that the great Italian Composer's latest opera was enthusiastically received by the London audience, which comprised many of his countrymen and countrywomen. To insure success, the original *chef d'orchestre* (Signor Faccio) and the original Otello and Iago (Signori Tamagno and Maurel) were engaged, with Signora Catanéo as Desdemona; and the scenes were excellent examples of Italian scenic art and of faithful costuming. The opera is in Verdi's latest and Wagneresque style. No overture! Simply a crash! Then up went the curtain, disclosing a storm scene at the Cyprus port, not unlike, musically, the opening tempest in Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." Another Wagnerism: the powerful first act of "Otello" closed with a duet very similar to the swan song in "Lohengrin." Signor Tamagno (whose resonant tenor voice is said to command such a high price in the operatic mart) sang best, I thought, in this charmingly soft duet with Desdemona, Signora Catanéo, and secured a double call at the fall of the curtain. But Signor Maurel, histrionically as well as musically a strong Iago, carried off the chief honours on the stage. His superb voice, his powerful acting as the insidious and crafty famer of Otello's jealousy into a flame, stamped his Iago as one of the best creations of the lyric drama. I own, however, that the eloquent orchestration, modulated most exquisitely by Signor Faccio, who faced his excellent band, afforded me most pleasure. Light and shade, tenderness and strength were there. The charming music of Verdi was done absolute justice to. "Otello," in fine, is an opera to hear again and again, as I am assured by one of the most accomplished of our critics—one who has journeyed to the Continent expressly to hear Verdi's latest work more than once. With the incomparable Sarah Bernhardt in her powerful assumption of "Lena" sandwiched between the performances of "Otello," the Lyceum campaign of Mr. Mayer should be triumphant.

I am told the new Syndicate which is to revive the fortunes of Her Majesty's Theatre is proceeding surely with its scheme of reform. Meantime, Mr. Augustus Harris retains the support of Fashion at Covent-Garden, and continues his magnificent performances of Italian Opera; promising for to-night a grand revival of "Die Meistersinger," with Albani, Jean de Reszké, and Lassalle in the cast.

The acknowledged Home of Spectacular Ballet, the Alhambra Theatre of Varieties, beat its own record with the intensely dramatic and *chic* divertissement of "Irene," a triumph for Jacobi, Casati, and Alias alike. But the Alhambra people are ever striving for fresh conquests. Hence the production last Monday night in this handsome electric-lit theatre of the beautifully embellished new ballet of "Astrea," an Olympian festival of sumptuous magnificence, the fresh and elaborate dresses alone costing a mint of money, according to the skilful costumier, M. Alias. M. Jacobi came almost from a sick-bed to conduct the admirable orchestra of the Alhambra, and to set our feet dancing to the gay music he has composed for the Olympian revels, in which Signora Bessone as Astrea, ever-charming Mdlle. Marie, popular Miss Thurgate and Miss Phillips, Mdlle. Toffeo and Signor Sarracco twirled to our hearts' content. The closing scene of Mount Olympus is a masterpiece of splendour, the wealth of electric lights shedding a lustrous glow upon the bevies of Cyprian gods and goddesses whose evolutions are so enchanting. By all means stay for the Schaeffer Troupe—the best acrobatic troupe in the world—and also for Herbert Campbell and for the grand naval and military pageant of "Our Army and Navy."

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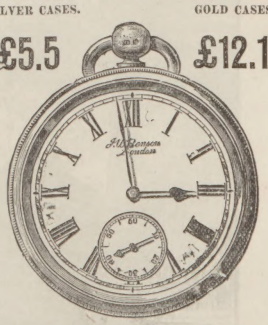

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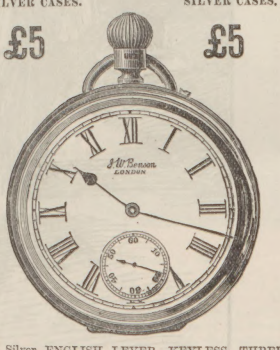

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And at 28, Royal Exchange, E.C., & 25, Old Bond-st., W.
BENSON'S CLUBS. Applications for Agencies invited.

What with the brisk new piece of "Tuppins and Co.," which Mr. Malcolm Watson has written in collaboration with Mr. Edward Solomon for the German Reeds, and what with his new farcical comedy at Mrs. Smale's Strand matinée, Mr. Watson has had his hands full lately. It was rather rough on Mr. Watson that his waiter in "Christopher's Honeymoon" should have had to read his part. It is essential to the success of a prolonged farce that all should go off trippingly and quickly. Quite as mercurial as one could wish was Mr. Charles Glenny, who as the newly married bridegroom, amazed to find his first wife is alive, carried the piece on his shoulders, and won a good round of applause by his imaginary description of a visit to Paris. As the indignant mother-in-law Mrs. Edmund Phelps was A 1; and Mr. G. Raymond, Mr. Herbert Waring, and Mrs. Smale also acted with animation. Played quickly, "Christopher's Honeymoon" should go well in an evening bill, and might well be preceded by Mrs. Smale's "Bravado," a capital new curtain-lifter.

THESPIS.

As he handed her into the cab at the door, a man, passing in the crowd, turned and looked at him, and Ralph recognised Martin.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "MONKEY MEPHISTO," AND JOINT AUTHOR OF "A DANGEROUS CATSPAW."

CHAPTER VII.

RALPH meantime went miserably home. He began to think of himself as the object of some infernal plot—a target at which the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune were being specially directed. The last few days had been almost unendurably full of punishments inflicted for past misdemeanours and incitements to offences in the future. He had not wanted to do anything with Tom's loan but honestly to pay off a portion of the debts which tormented him. If he had not heard of Newland's presence in the club, and of his luck at poker, he would never have gone near the card-room, and so would have avoided the temptation which had resulted in his loss. If Stasie had not had that cad of a brother of hers staying with her he would never have put the remaining hundred on Peppercorn. If Elsie had not stumbled across him in the park, he would have kept away from her. Being in a mood of bitter rage with himself, as well as with things external, he owned also that if he had not been an invertebrate fool he would have done none of these things. He was a young man who liked to think well of himself, and he had somehow or other generally managed to do it. But as he walked home, after the interview with Elsie, the cowardice he had been guilty of in respect to her stung him with shame through that battered armour of self-esteem off which so many of Conscience's darts had fallen harmless.

There was an hour yet to dinner-time. Ralph went into the library and chose a book wherewith to wile away the interval. The room was full of mementoes of his cousin's recent departure, in the shape of torn and scattered fragments of paper on the desk and about the floor. "Thomas Purden" stared at Ralph from one of them as he brushed it aside before sitting down to read. The book opened at the title-page, and the name confronted him again. He began to read, but after a sentence or two the words lost all meaning to him. His eyes traced the characters, and his fingers mechanically turned the pages, but his thoughts were miles away. He tried to fasten his wandering attention on the book, but it would not obey him, and finally he threw the volume aside, and began moodily toying with the articles on the desk. The pen with which Tom had an hour or two ago signed Banks's agreement regarding the six-acre meadow lay in the dish. It seemed somehow, in a vague fashion, to resemble Tom; thick-handled, broad-pointed, capacious. Ralph took it up, and began aimlessly to scribble with it. "Thomas Purden," he wrote in his own hasty, thin scrawl. The scrap of paper bearing his cousin's signature caught his eye again. He took it up and compared it with his own writing of the name.

"I really think there is some truth in that business of reading character from handwriting. That signature is really *like* Tom, it resembles him. Solid, sturdy, yea-and-nay kind of fist. I wonder," he went on, being in that vacuous mood in which a man's mind will play with any straw of thought that happens to float to the surface, "if I could cultivate Tom's virtues by imitating his handwriting?"

He took up the pen again, and bent himself to the task of reproducing the signature, stroke for stroke. He was a more than fair draughtsman, those long, supple fingers of his were clever at most mechanical dexterities, and he succeeded admirably in the task.

"That 's really like it." He retouched a letter or two painstakingly. "I believe it would take in Tom himself. But, then, it's an easy hand to imitate." He toyed with the original, abruptly criticising it. "It would n't be difficult to forge if one wanted to do it."

The phrase had no sooner passed his lips than he flung the paper from him as if it had suddenly stung him, started from the chair, and stood panting, with his face suddenly gone ashy pale. "Good God!" he murmured, passing his hand across his forehead, and withdrawing it damp and clammy with cold sweat. "No, no, no!" he said in a voice scarcely above his breath, but with a tone of agonised entreaty, as if he were pleading with some strong and bitter enemy.

"What a fool I am!" he muttered a second or so later. "As if such a thing were possible!" He laughed, with a dry, mirthless sound, and drew his hand again across his forehead. "Am I going mad, to be startled so by such a thought as that?"

He took a turn or two about the room to quiet his twitching nerves, and, coming opposite the French window opening on the lawn at the rear of the house, saw that it stood ajar, and passed through it into the open air of the still spring evening. But the passing fancy had so shaken him that he slipped from the chamber with such a frightened, stricken, backward glance as one involuntarily gives in quitting a room where a corpse is lying.

The summons to dinner found him still a little shaken, and he could not help fancying that the butler looked oddly at him as he walked into the dining-room. A glass or two of wine pulled him together, but he was still troubled, though his trouble had taken a different form. He could not banish the peculiar sensation which the fancy had given him, and he began to analyse and dissect it. What startled him anew was the amazing completeness, as a practical scheme, of the idea which had flashed into his brain so unexpectedly. In a moment, in the winking of an eyelid, he had conceived a plan which, had he really been bent on criminality, would have taken him some appreciable time to work out. In that inexpressibly brief space of time he had seen that the forgery of a cheque was impossible. All such documents required to be countersigned by Arkinstall. And in the same instant he had perceived that the forging of a bill was a perfectly feasible thing.

Not merely feasible, but easy. Not merely easy, but with a distinct chance of safety. And here safety meant honesty, for if he could repay the money, redeem and destroy the bill, he robbed nobody, and would simply be a borrower. If Peppercorn got first past the post Ralph would be worth over three thousand pounds; if the horse did no more than get a place he would receive a very comfortable sum, for he had embarked some of the hundred pounds in bets on that lesser event. It was the unnatural, the diabolical clearness with which each of these various considerations had been simultaneously presented to his mind which had so shaken him. The start and cry which their first suggestion provoked had expressed the natural revolt of a man not yet utterly lost to native honesty and the sense of shame. The false calm with which he discussed them now was terribly typical of the order of mind which, on reflection, sets impunity first, and honour afterwards. For the matter of that, the sudden, hysterical revolt itself had been grimly symptomatic of Ralph's nature. When a man fears the first advance of any temptation to that extent, it can only mean that it is of a kind to whose influence he knows himself to be peculiarly open. To an honest man the idea of committing forgery might have been the occasion of a laugh, perhaps even of sufficient momentary fear to make him glad to dismiss the fancy. But only the man who was at heart a knave, and knew it, could have been so appalled by it.

Ralph's need of money was imminent and pressing. With all his creditors perfectly well aware of his whereabouts, he might as well attempt to live openly in London as at Beckstord. Roberts and Grainger were merely the advance-guard of the army which might at any moment descend on him, all clamouring for money. And in a little place like that everybody would know of it. Arkinstall could not help hearing of it, and would make himself additionally disagreeable in consequence. Elsie would know too, which was the bitterest reflection of all. She would be taught to despise him, and her father would have a really available text for the jeremiads which Ralph supposed him to be constantly uttering to his daughter against him. A black outlook. For, though Elsie could never be anything to him more than she actually was, Ralph clung to her good opinion and her sympathy. In his fashion he loved her, and would fain keep open disgrace at arm's length, if but for her sake. And so the devilish alchemy which had poisoned his blood so long distilled an extra spot of venom from the one poor weed of gracious feeling that remained to him.

He rose haggard and heavy-eyed after a third night's sleeplessness, with his mind resolved. He had debated the chances of his being able to meet the bill, till his own thoughts had lost significance, and until he had wearily determined to run the risk. Tom once out of the way, he would forge the bill and get it cashed. He would have three months in which to turn it himself, and if things went wrong it would be of a piece with the rest of his accursed luck, and there would be nothing to do but make a bolt for it.

The fashion in which a man already inclined to the commission of a dishonest act will often find all imaginable facilities provided is truly marvellous, and goes some way towards explaining the rooted belief of our ancestors in the existence of a personal spirit of evil who took a keen interest in human affairs. Perhaps the more truly philosophical explanation of this phenomenon is that, just as the poetic mind finds sweet and graceful fancies in any chance play of sunshine or gleam of colour which is passed unnoticed by the prosaic, the potential criminal sees means and encouragements to crime where the honest man sees nothing at all. Be that as it may, few are the crimes left uncommitted for lack of opportunity or favourable omens of success in their undertaking. Descending to the breakfast-room, Ralph found beside his plate a letter in Tom's hand. The address and the contents were alike written in pencil.

"Just a line to say good-bye to you and to all old friends. We are under way, and I am scribbling this for the pilot to take ashore at Greenwich. Good-bye, and the best of luck till our next meeting.—Your affectionate cousin,

"T. P."

The way was clear. Ralph forced down a few mouthfuls of food, and took the early train to London. Arrived there, he bought three half-stamps at a law-stationer's in Chancery Lane, and went to an hotel, where he demanded a bed-room, a carafe of brandy, and writing materials. He drank a glass of the undiluted spirit to steady his hand, and, with his cousin's signature before him, set to work to copy it upon one of the stamps. The first attempt was a failure, the second was better, but might be improved on. The third was perfect, he did not think Tom himself could have denied it. He filled in the bill in form for five hundred pounds, carefully burned the failures and the copy in the grate, stirring the ashes to a fine grey powder, and left the hotel, going eastward to a house in City street, where he entered at a door armour-plated with shining plaques of metal bearing the names of different firms. On the first floor, Messrs. Barnes and Burchell had their offices. Barnes and Burchell were stockbrokers and financial agents in a big way of business, with whom Ralph knew from their manager, with whom he had some acquaintance, would discount safe paper to almost any amount. Demanding to see

Mr. Martin, he was shown, after a minute's delay, into that gentleman's room.

"Morning, Mr. Purden. What can I do for you to-day?"

"I've got a bill here," said Ralph, producing it, "backed by my cousin Tom—Sir Thomas Purden, you know." Martin nodded. "I want you to cash it for me, if you will be so good."

"Ye—es," said Martin, looking at it. "Why don't you take it to your cousin's bankers? They'd do it for you cheaper than we should. Four and a half is our rate for this kind of thing."

"Well," said Ralph, tapping his boot and glancing up at Martin with a hint of a sly smile on his face, "there are reasons." He looked so knowing that Martin half smiled in answer, as he waited for the solution of this little riddle. "You see, I've been going a bit too fast, and don't want everybody to know it. There are one or two people whom I want specially not to know it. The boss of Tom's bank is an old family friend, for one thing, and of course thinks himself justified in taking a great interest in my affairs. He's a little embarrassing at times, and I'd rather he didn't know of this. I've special reasons for wishing to stand well with him at present." He artistically broadened the sly smile at this point. "It isn't altogether impossible that I may have a very important question to put to the old boy in a month or two, and this business might affect his answer, if he knew of it."

"Ah!" said Martin, his smile broadening also, "That's the idea, eh?"

"That's the idea," said Ralph. "It's rather a queer thing, you may think, that a fellow like my cousin should give me a bill, but it happens under peculiar circumstances. He started for Africa yesterday. I went down to see him off with the bill in my pocket. I had been disappointed in getting it signed by a man who had promised to do it for me, but had got hard hit himself and couldn't. Tom saw me looking glum—I don't mind owning I felt cornered—and asked me what was the matter. I told him, and he backed it for me. Awfully good of him, wasn't it?"

"A cousin worth cultivating," said Martin. "I'll give you our cheque for it." He wrote out the document for the sum, minus the discount, and handed it over to Ralph.

"Thanks," said Ralph, with well-assumed carelessness, though his hands shook as he put the scrap of paper into his letter-case and stowed it in his pocket. "You do a little in racing sometimes, don't you, Martin?"

"Now and then. Do you know of anything?" "Have you got anything on for the Goldmore Stakes?"

"No. What's your fancy? I was thinking of putting a bit on Fairy Queen."

"Leave Fairy Queen alone, my boy. Look here, you've done me a good turn." He tapped the pocket where the cheque reposed. "Go on Peppercorn."

"Peppercorn!" repeated Martin. "Why, he's right at the bottom. Strained a muscle, too, in yesterday's run. The *Sporting Life* man says he's almost as good as out of it."

"You know too much to spoil a good thing, eh, Martin?" asked Ralph.

"I hope so."

"Then I'll tell you. Don't make a song about it. It's in confidence. Fairy Queen isn't meant. She and Peppercorn are out of the same stable. The muscle-straining business is a blind, to keep the price going. Peppercorn's the horse, Sir. I've got a couple of hundred on him; so, anyhow you see I back my opinion."

Martin was prodigiously grateful for the tip, and the two parted good friends.

"I don't want that paper to travel, you know," said Ralph, nodding at the bill lying on the desk.

"It'll travel as far as the safe in the next room. No farther."

On that assurance Ralph took his leave. A swift cab bore him to the bank, and thence on a round of visits to his creditors. He reserved a twenty-pound note for himself, and sent a like sum to Stasie. With those exceptions, the whole of the money went in the payment of debts. He could look forward to three months' quiet, and he felt as if that beatific release were worth buying at almost any cost of future pain.

It was his last day in town for a long time to come. He had made up his mind that the London atmosphere was morally unhealthy for him, and that the best thing he could do would be to stay down at Becksford and occupy himself as best he might with his work and such simple pleasures as the place afforded. He would like to take a farewell sip at the goblet from which he had already drunk so deeply. He treated himself to a good dinner at a restaurant, and, casting about in his mind how he should spend the evening, determined to go to the Gaiety, where a new burlesque had taken the public fancy. Rising from his stall after the first act, he perceived Elsie and her father, with an elderly lady whom he recognised as Mrs. Frost, occupying a box. He would fain have escaped unnoticed, but Elsie had obviously seen him, and there was nothing for it but to go and pay his compliments. Arkinstall received him with his usual bluff, non-committal air, and Elsie was prettily shy, and shot veiled glances at him. He talked fluently, about Tom's departure principally, and showed the pencilled note he had received from him that morning.

"I shall enter on my duties to-morrow morning, Sir," he said to Arkinstall, who said "Yes?" with his own dry smile, which always irritated him, it was so full of unspoken satire. "If you don't mind being bothered for a moment about business, I wish you would just look at this letter of Banks's. Tom decided about the six-acre, and I took the agreement to Banks this morning. Tom said I might tell you that he thought the proposal a fair one."

"Yes," said Arkinstall, reading the letter, "we can do that for him."

"Then he shall have the second agreement to-morrow," said Ralph, rising. "There goes the curtain. I must get back to my stall."

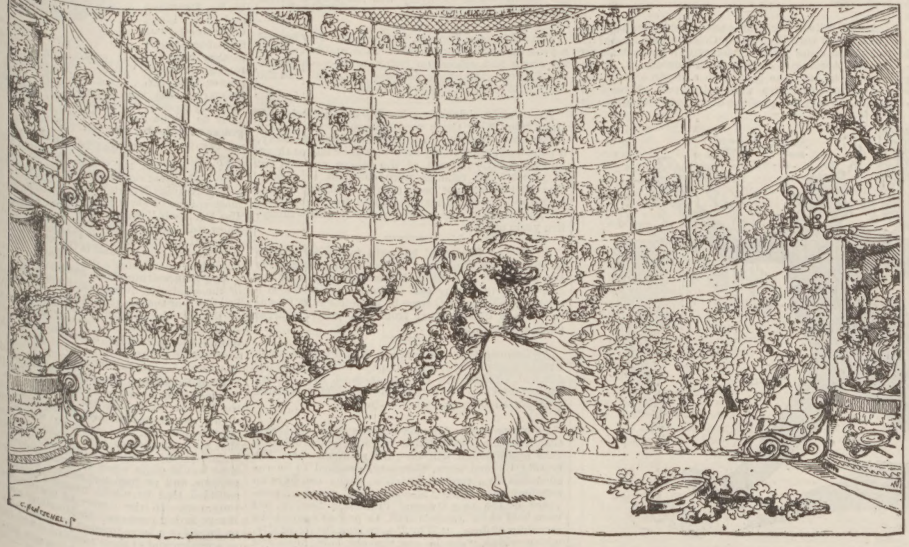
He kept the opera-glass he had hired from an attendant faithfully fixed on the stage during the rest of the performance, but he saw little of what was going on there, and watched Elsie with sidelong eyes. The girl's face had gone very sad, and she glanced frequently with a rapid motion of the eyes to where Ralph sat. But he held resolutely from giving any further sign of recognition of her presence in the house. He met the party in the corridor, and Elsie gave him the opportunity of speaking the tender word she had a right to expect after yesterday's kiss by falling a little behind the elder people—but it was not spoken. As he handed her into the cab at the door, a man, passing in the crowd, turned and looked at him, and Ralph recognised Martin. It struck him that there had been something peculiar in the regard, and that it was longer than was necessary for recognition; but as he walked to the hotel in which he had elected to pass the night, he found other things to think of than so slight a trifle. Was it another evidence of that diabolic conspiracy of circumstances that Elsie had again been thrown in his way? He saw the girl's face as it had looked at him from the window of the cab, with a tender reproach in it. It was very bitter to him to think that, however often they might meet, that look was all he could hope for from her, till wounded pride should change it to one of indifference or contempt. If he had met her earlier, before his life had been irretrievably wrecked, that pure influence might have saved him from so much he unavailingly regretted now.

(To be continued.)

RAILWAY SERVANTS.—Signalmen, Engine-Drivers, Porters, and others, who have frequently long intervals of work between meals, should drink CADBURY'S COCOA, a sustaining beverage, agreeable and comforting, during long spells of work. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

(From the Photograph by F. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin, photographer to the Emperor of Germany.)



"DIDELOT AND THEODORE AT THE PANTHEON," BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON.

(Reproduced from the Catalogue of the Exhibition of Art Humourists, by permission of Mr. Joseph Grego.)

ART FOR THE PEOPLE

THERE was not space last week for Rowlandson's "Didelot and Theodore at the Pantheon," which I then intended using; so I insert it in this week's notes. Only a day or two ago by chance I came across an extract from some art criticism by Dickens, which shows that, though he was without artistic sense—otherwise his books would have found different illustrations—he at least appreciated the ugliness and ineffectiveness of the exaggeration and gross caricature in Rowlandson's work, to which I have already referred. There is little of this exaggeration, however, in the accompanying sketch of one of the Rowlandson drawings in the most interesting Art Humourists' Exhibition at the Piccadilly Galleries of the Royal Institute.

There has been much talk for the last week about the medals awarded to artists at the Paris Exhibition. The result, so far as English artists are concerned, may be considered, from the general public's standpoint, fairly satisfactory. Take, in the first place, the Medals of Honour: both fell to members of the Academy—one to Mr. Alma Tadema, a full-fledged Academician, the other to Mr. Henry Moore, an Associate. Sir John Millais is *hors concours*—that is, he has already, on another occasion, carried off his Medal of Honour, and therefore no longer competes; and this I believe is also the case with Sir Frederick Leighton, though I find that the explanatory *hors concours* does not appear after his name in the catalogue.

The success of Mr. Tadema ought to please everybody, for there are few more popular painters in England. He is not an Englishman, it is true; but it is in this country he has done his principal work, it is in this country he has made his reputation—and his money too, I was going to add, when I remembered that many of his pictures, though painted here, have gone to America. His beautiful house in St. John's-wood, with its famous "golden stairs," its many studios, its gardens and conservatories, is a practical proof of his success; the medal just awarded to him shows that this success does not depend merely upon his popularity with an inartistic public.

Now-a-days—for we live in an age of personalities—Mr. Tadema's house is attracting as much attention as his pictures. We are a little apt to think the palaces in which certain of our best-known artists live are quite a modern innovation in the art world. But is even Mr. Tadema lodged as sumptuously as Rubens—to take one example from the past—was in his gorgeous palace in Antwerp, which makes the Royal establishment seem so modest a house by comparison? Palaces and medals, however, are the prizes for the few. For one Tadema, how many hundred artists are there who cannot out of the profits from their pictures pay even for their studios?

The picture which has won the new distinction for Mr. Tadema is that of "The Women in the Market-place of Amphissa." You all remember it? It was at the Academy the year before last, though then, because of the crowd it gathered, a really good look at it was not easily had. Its subject, of course, is classical; a collection of Mr. Tadema's work is a little classical dictionary in itself. The Mœnads, young and fair, but spent with their night's wild revels, with that long wandering dance to the light of torches, lie sleeping in the Market-place, watched over by the women of the town.

To my mind, Mr. Tadema has painted pictures far better; there is a little one in this year's New Gallery which is technically finer and more beautiful in composition, though, of course, much smaller. Under the drapery of some of the Mœnads stretched in the Market-place there is absolutely nothing. But if the modelling does not show the painter at his best, the picture is filled with the marbles and the sunlight he loves; there is the usual bit of the vivid blue sky of the South, the usual delicate colouring and graceful folds in the long flowing robes of the women: and, after all, it is for one of his most characteristic canvases this new honour has been shown him.

Like Mr. Tadema's marbles, Mr. Moore's seas are well known to the English public, which has seen them year after year at the Academy and the other galleries. At the Paris Exhibition he is represented by a broad expanse of sea, bright and beautiful after the rain; and the medal which it has won for him—the highest which can be given—is, unless I am much mistaken, the first he has ever obtained on the Continent. It ought to secure for him certain promotion upon the next vacancy among the Academicians.

It is rather funny to find in the distribution of medals of the first-class to English painters so strong an expression of catholic tastes on the part of the Paris jury. Burne-Jones and Sir Frederick Leighton, Whistler and Orchardson, Herkomer and Stanhope Forbes receive equal honours!—and yet in England Whistler is not even an Associate of the Academy and never yet has been treated seriously as he deserves to be. These medals are also awarded to Shannon, whose portraits for the last few years have been conspicuous features in the London exhibitions; to Hook, Leader, and Reid.

THE BOHEMIAN.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

Several Correspondents have been good enough to call attention to the slip by which we described the reduced post-cards as 6d. and 5½d. the dozen, instead of 6d. and 5½d. the packet of ten. One enterprising stationer expresses his readiness to purchase of us at the rate we stated. Well, it is 6d. for ten; but we hope the time will come when it will be 6d. the dozen. You can buy a post-card to France, Germany, or the United States for a penny—that is to say, for the cost of the stamp—and it would really be a great blessing to the poor if they were enabled to purchase a single post-card for a halfpenny. Throughout the Continent of Europe it is possible to do so. However, Great Britain is the only country in Europe which makes a substantial profit on its postal system; so, perhaps, it comes to the same thing in the long run.

The Queen is staying at Windsor Castle, but will go to Osborne shortly. She will, however, return to London to be present at the marriage of Princess Louise of Wales, which is announced to take place on Saturday, the 27th inst., at Buckingham Palace.

The Shah's doings have absorbed all attention. He has been to the Opera and to a special performance at the Empire Music-Hall, he has gone in procession from Buckingham Palace to the Guildhall, and has attended a variety of State functions and private gatherings. He was the guest of Lord Salisbury at Hatfield on Sunday and Monday.

Alas! the Shah has made his first bet. At Kempton Park races the deed was done. Horse-racing in Persia is often indulged in, but betting on results is practically unknown to the inhabitants. The Shah took some time to understand the sporting phraseology of "6 to 1 bar 1," "Any price some of these runners," and other terms familiar to bookmakers. However, at last he quite mastered the argument that if he invested £4 on Fiddle and 1 he would, if the horse won, be the richer by £10. No sooner than the King understood he invested his money, and the Prince of Wales made the bet for him, getting five to two in pounds against the horse above mentioned. The horse was eagerly watched by the Shah: but, although Fiddle and I was not the favourite, any doubt as to the issue was speedily dispelled by the animal winning easily. The success of his first bet in England appeared to afford great pleasure to the "King of Kings."

The Shah managed to get away from Kempton Park racecourse a winner of a small sum. His net gain was very small, and was chiefly represented by a ten-pound note won from Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail. This he gave to his favourite, the little lad Aziz-us-Sultan, who afterwards—not knowing the value of a crisp Bank of England ten-pound note—tore it up into very little bits and scattered them about Buckingham Palace. Of course, when the English servants saw what had been done, there was a strict quest for the scraps of paper, and by dint of ingenuity and patience nearly all of them were recovered and pasted together on a sheet of paper. The note was presented at the Bank for payment a day or two afterwards.

AZIZ-US-SULTAN, THE MINIATURE SHAH.

The proprietor of a morning contemporary presented the juvenile favourite of the Shah with a shot-gun. The weapon weighs under 4 lb., is 24 in. in barrel, and of similar bore to those used by Eton lads. It is calculated to kill small game at 35 yards. The way in which the ten-year-old favourite of the Shah handles a shot-gun is calculated to evoke wonderment. When handling a toy breech-loader he knew which end to present, where the cartridge was to go, whom to aim at—in short, he knocked the reporter of a contemporary into fits. The grave attention paid by little Aziz-us-Sultan at the operatic fête to the Shah; the sedate youngster's keen appreciation of the ices and chocolates offered him at the Empire; and her Majesty's kindness to him at Marlborough House have made him vie with the Shah himself as the "lion" of the hour.

"Does the Shah eat with his fingers?" inquired a journalist of a waiter at the Guildhall. "No, Sir," was the reply—and there was such a wealth of contempt in the tone—"but he's a-heating his meat with a fish-knife."

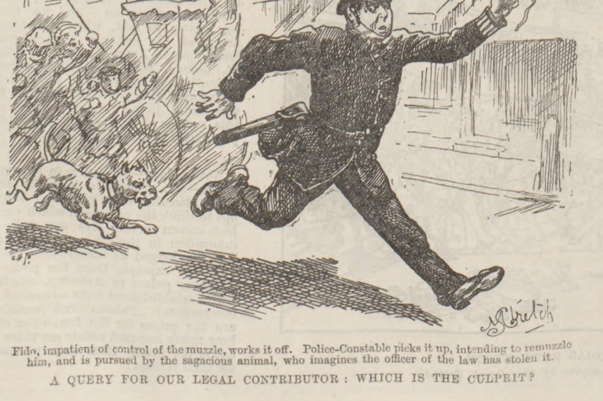
No less than a dozen men and lads were charged at the Marlborough-street Court with the same offence: with taking advantage of the journey of the Shah to and from the Empire Music Hall to relieve members of the crowd of their watches. Some were remanded, two were discharged, one was sentenced to imprisonment.

The Parnell Commission has been mainly occupied with the cross-examination of Mr. Michael Davitt. The Court has been unusally crowded; Mrs. Gladstone, amongst other ladies, being regularly in attendance.

The polling for the election of a member of Parliament for the Western Division of the County of Fife, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. R. P. Bruce (Gladstonian), through ill-health, took place on Friday week, the candidates being Mr. R. G. E. Wemyss (Unionist) and Mr. A. Birrell (Gladstonian). Mr. Birrell was returned by a majority of 793—i.e., Birrell (Gladstonian), 3551; Wemyss (Unionist), 2758.

Two terrible explosions of fire-damp occurred on Friday week in pits at St. Etienne, in France. By the evening, sixteen bodies, and ten men injured in such a way as almost to preclude recovery, were brought to the surface. It is believed that more than 200 men have perished. Sixty horses have also been killed.

A fatal railway accident is announced from Bavaria. The express travelling from Cologne and Frankfort to Vienna came into collision with a goods-train on Sunday morning at a place called Roebrmoos. Both engines cut into the ground to a depth of five feet, and several carriages were telescoped. Nine dead bodies were taken out of the débris, and eleven people have been injured. The disaster is said to be due to the negligence of a pointsman, who has disappeared.



Fido, impatient of control of the muzzle, works it off. Police-Constable picks it up, intending to remuzzle him, and is pursued by the sagacious animal, who imagines the officer of the law has stolen it.

A QUERY FOR OUR LEGAL CONTRIBUTOR: WHICH IS THE CULPRIT?

The arrangements for the Emperor William's journey to England are now said to be as follows: He will arrive at Osborne on August 2. On the following day he reviews the English fleet at Spithead, where he will be received by the Prince of Wales. On the 5th he visits the Royal Dockyard at Portsmouth, and on the 6th will go to Aldershot. The Royal Regatta will mark the conclusion of the visit, which will last five days.

Mrs. Maybrick, who is charged with poisoning her husband, will be defended by Sir Charles Russell. It was Sir Edward Clarke's successful defence of Mrs. Bartlett on a like charge which secured him the Solicitor-Generalship. There are no further legal honours possible for Sir Charles Russell.

There was a rather serious accident at Grove-lane, Champion-hill, Camberwell, on Friday se'nnight. The riders of a double tricycle had, in descending the hill, lost all control of their machine, and they were unable to avoid an elderly woman walking up the hill. She was knocked down with great violence, and evidently very seriously injured. She was conveyed to a hospital in a cab. Curiously enough, the tricyclists were in no way injured.

The death is announced of Major Dickson, member of Parliament for Dover. The Major has represented the Kentish borough for twenty-four years. He was the second husband of Lady North, mother of the late Earl of Guilford.

An old woman, sixty years of age, was arrested on Friday week for begging in the North Circular-road, Dublin. It was discovered at the police-station that she had a large sum in notes, gold, and silver in her possession. A bag fastened round her waist contained two stone weight of copper money, and another bag, which had apparently been a game bag, contained upwards of £120, and in her waistband was secreted a bundle of notes, including one for £50. Altogether £550 was found, in addition to twenty potatoes, a quart of peas, and various other articles.

A death from hydrophobia recently took place near Barnsley. John Thomas Faley, aged nine years, son of Thomas Faley, farm labourer, Wooley, was at Notton on April 5 last, when a black cur sheep-dog attacked him, biting him in three places on the legs. The deceased was attended by a medical man, and apparently recovered. Symptoms of hydrophobia, however, appeared, and, after acute suffering, he expired on July 4. The dog, which belongs to a Notton farmer, shows no signs of madness, and has been placed under proper control. Shoot it!

While the Fourth of July fête was being held in Paris, on the Island of the Swans, a gruesome accident horrified all those who witnessed it. A workman who was engaged on the Eiffel Tower in soldering a leak in a pipe, wishing to see how the lift worked that was coming down, thrust forward his head. It was caught by the descending vehicle, and cut clean off. The head fell upon a countrywoman who was waiting below in the line of people for her turn to ascend the tower.

Miss Mary Anderson, the popular actress, who continues in a very delicate state of health, is residing with Baroness Von Hugel on Hampstead Heath, and she may frequently be found taking long walks in that neighbourhood.

A woman, who left two children on the Embankment, jumped into the Thames the other day; and whilst she was struggling in the water one of the crew of the boat Rosalind rushed to the rescue, and succeeded in bringing her safely ashore.

Severe rainstorms have occurred in the district of Fortworth, Texas. Railways are submerged, bridges have been swept away, and considerable damage has been done to the crops. Some loss of life is also reported. The damage done is estimated at 2,000,000 dollars.

On Saturday evening last, a living child, about three weeks old, was found packed in a hamper at Tay Bridge Station, Dundee. The hamper was addressed to a lady in Edinburgh who is well known for her philanthropic labours on behalf of orphan and deserted children. The police are investigating the matter. The discovery was made by a porter hearing the child crying.

The old theatre, Dundee, which was entirely burned a year ago, and was almost rebuilt and remodelled for shops and offices, on Saturday afternoon again caught fire. The upper flat was destroyed, and the other flats much damaged by water.

About eight o'clock last Sunday evening, whilst a train from New Cross to Richmond was entering Baker-street Station, on the Metropolitan Railway, a passenger, respectably dressed, either fell or threw himself directly in front of the engine, and was cut to pieces. His remains were collected in a sack. The officials have not been able to find any papers which would afford them a clue to the unfortunate victim's identity. He was apparently about thirty-five years of age.

Sir George Chetwynd has sent in his resignation to the Jockey Club, and it has been unanimously accepted. Mr. Lowther, however, stated that the arbitrators in the recent dispute fully endorsed a remark made by Sir George in his letter that he was completely disassociated from the graver charges made against him.

An immense fire took place in the Surrey Docks on Friday week, at which the damage was estimated at £30,000. There will be joy amongst the English cabinet-makers. The articles burned chiefly consisted of imported doors and window-frames.

Everyone is now for muzzling the dogs. It is said that if all the dogs in Great Britain be muzzled for a year hydrophobia will be quite stamped out. The County Council have, therefore, declined to be responsible for a partial muzzling, which can have no satisfactory results. Meanwhile, a meeting, convened by the Dog Owners' Protection Society, has been held at St. James's Hall, to protest against the muzzling of dogs. "Why," asked the Bishop of Ely, who presided, "should not the old lady keep and enjoy her little dog as well as the men who rode behind foxhounds?" But we don't propose to deprive her of her little dog—only to muzzle him.

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

The Civil List and Literature.

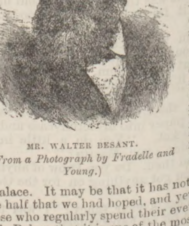
I sympathise with Mr. Walter Besant in his complaint that the novelists are henceforth to be ignored in the distribution of Civil List pensions—that is to say, I think it a shame that novelists should be slighted in any way. Their work, when it is of the best, is really quite as important as that of the historians, the poets, or the philosophers. And so I am angry that, when Mr. Walter Besant wrote to Mr. W. H. Smith, the private secretary of the First Lord of the Treasury should have treated the author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" with scant courtesy.

For and Against.

Doubtless there is something to be said for Mr. Smith. He may have argued that these pensions are for poor authors or the widows of poor authors; and he naturally thought that a novelist whose novels were worth reading, if he were provident, would soon secure a competency, whereas a poet or a philosopher, however great a genius, could not be sure of a wide public. This is plausible, but it is not precisely true. The greatest living novelist, beyond all doubt, is Mr. George Meredith. Now Mr. Meredith's best novel, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," was published in 1859, and it was only the other day that he attained any degree of popularity. Yet there is more true poetry and more sound philosophy in "Feverel" than in half the books of poetry and philosophy that have been produced in the present era.

Walter Besant.

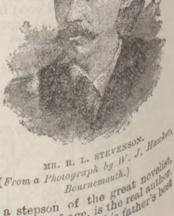
Mr. Walter Besant, although one would scarcely place him in the very highest rank among novelists, has yet very special claims upon our admiration and our sympathy. We know how, in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," he dreams of a wealthy heiress devoting her time and money to purifying and elevating the East-end of London, and building a Palace of Delight for the people. Mr. Besant must have been a proud man when, in 1887, the Queen opened just such a palace. It may be that it has not, and cannot do, one half that we had hoped, and yet I am assured by those who regularly spend their evenings at the People's Palace that it is one of the most thoroughly successful of existing organisations. I am now reading Mr. Walter Besant's newly published volume of stories, "'To Call Her Mine,' 'Katharine Regina,' etc." (Chatto and Windus). In the second story in the volume, "Katharine Regina," we have an eloquent plea for comfortable "homes" for poor girls who belong to a more "respectable"—and, perhaps, more miserable—class than the Whitechapel factory workers—namely, governesses and the like. May Mr. Besant's dream for these be as successfully realised as his earlier one!



MR. WALTER BESANT.
(*From a Photograph by Fradelle and Young.*)

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Having said one word about Mr. Meredith, and another about Mr. Besant, it is natural that I should add a line about Mr. R. L. Stevenson, who as a master of style surpasses them both. A new novel by Mr. Stevenson has just reached me. "The Wrong Box" (Longman, Green, and Co.) it is called. On its title-page we are told that it is by Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, but Mr. Stevenson's mother has informed an interviewer that Mr. Osbourne, who is a stepson of the great novelist, and only twenty-one years of age, is the real author. If it be so, he has caught some of his father's best graces of style and manner.



MR. R. L. STEVENSON.
(*From a Photograph by W. J. Hawker, Bournemouth.*)

A Versatile Author.

It will pay you, my reader, to devote considerable time and attention to Mr. Stevenson's works. "The New Arabian Nights" and "The Dynamiter," are masterpieces of style and imagination. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is a shilling story, which you already know well enough, and you have marvelled at its powerful psychology. "Treasure Island" recalls "Robinson Crusoe," and is the best book of the kind published since Defoe's day. But I might go on for a long time writing about Stevenson. I could speak of the admirable literary criticism in the "Familiar Studies" of the beautiful poetry in "Underwoods," of the excellent discourse on love in "Virginibus Puerisque," and so on. I will merely conclude by telling you who have not done so to read R. L. Stevenson's books.

TATLER.

Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P., presided at the annual dinner in aid of the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, at the Hotel Métropole, on Saturday night. Sir Morell Mackenzie responded to the toast of the evening, and said he was quite willing that his reputation as a physician and a man should be left to the verdict of history. He believed the time would come when national jealousy, political rancour, and professional rivalry would have so far subsided that he would receive a fair and impartial judgment. In the course of the proceedings, Mr. Henry Irving presented Sir Morell with a silver bowl, on behalf of a large number of actors and actresses, as a testimonial of their admiration and regard.

To Darken Grey Hair.—Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

THE RACING WORLD

Three Peculiar Meetings

came off this week. I do not mean to say that there was anything out of the way about Newmarket July, or the gathering on Carlisle Swifts by Eden-side, or at Worcester's Pitchcraft, sacred to lovers of the fancy for the ring history built up on Severn-side. For Newmarket July, Carlisle, and Worcester the three were very much as on former anniversaries, but *per se* these fixtures are out of the common run.

The Jockey Club's midsummer réunion behind "the Ditch" differs in many particulars from the six other meetings which are of the most serious character, while quite a holiday air is sought to be lent to the July. Carlisle's programme for horse-racing is blended in the Border men's thoughts with "rustling" in Cumberland-Westmoreland style, and among them is quite as much chat of hipes, buttocks, backheels, and clicks as of pounds and penalties, lengths and allowances. May be Worcester will not be hereafter known as a race meeting, for the institution's best friend in power in the City Council recently died, and the town (or city) clerk, since the old sportsman's demise, has been set some awkward questions to answer. Among those raised is involved the life or death of Pitchcraft racing. Has an individual or have individuals the right to hold races on the common-land and exclude the public from inclosures? is among the worst. Practically, local opinion is that no such right exists or can be manufactured. Happily, disposition is shown to waive strict legal rights, and consider the greatest sporting good of the greatest number, not forgetting hotel and innkeepers, who always reap a rich harvest out of the races.

West Midland Sporting Folk,

and they were many, who did Worcester would have been lost at Kempton when the Shah attended. All arrangements at Mr. Sheldon's are as primitive as may well be, while at Kempton every item is of the most modern. Kempton's start for the Prince of Wales's Stakes and the news, which at Kempton reached so many for the first time, that Sir George Chetwynd had resigned membership of the Jockey Club furnished topics for conversation and controversy the following week through.

Somehow those who lost their money when Johnny Morgan won £1900 for the Duke of Portland cannot leave the unhappy business alone. What could Lord Marcus Beresford have been thinking about to let eighteen horses go in a line truly, but in a line parallel with the run of the course, instead of across it? Frequently what to spectators stationed at the finishing end of a course appears very bad indeed turns out, on inquiry from those at the starting-post, to have been exemplarily excellent. All that do Lord Marcus's adverse critics admit, and yet return to the charge that the competitors were not despatched evenly. They refuse to be comforted through the assurances of jockeys who rode in the race. Some of these declare that to the riders, and not the aristocratic official, blame is due. Perhaps faults lay on both sides; but the fact that the start was of the most straggling character, and virtually beat half the field before they had galloped two hundred yards, stands incontrovertibly regrettable, no matter what explanation may be offered or accepted.

Sir George Chetwynd's

withdrawal from the Jockey Club will live a more than nine days' wonder after the Prince of Wales's Stakes misfortune, which turned out so luckily for Johnny Morgan, is forgotten. The ex-steward of the Jockey Club's letter to the present stewards has enlisted many to his side who were formerly in opposition to Sir George. When this, which sets forth reasons for capitulation by a sufferer who can do only harm and no good at all by "taking it fighting," is carefully read it has a plucky, manly ring about it which the public like. All the same, they could not see how the Baronet's position as a member of the Jockey Club could be held or logically defended after the arbitrators' finding, which, despite the statement made by the senior steward, the Right Hon. James Lowther, went very little, if any, further than the Scotch "Not proven." That Sir George was for years the recognised chief patron of a stable responsible for many irregularities cannot be disputed. The opposition's attempt to prove that he knew of these shady transactions was not successful. Throughout the proceedings it was evident that the stewards were not unfriendly to the plaintiff. Neither was the case for the defendant conducted on the strong lines we should have seen adopted had Lord Durham's adversary been a professional racing man. An apologetic tone pervaded the damaging suggestions advanced against Sir George. He has resigned membership of the club, and will probably cease to be a prominent figure on the turf, from which for years he drew a very large income, as one of our cutest dealers with facts and figures.

Exception is taken to a recent description of Ringmaster as

A First-Rater in Australia.

The little horse who won the Great Northern Handicap is able to take his own part over here under a moderate rate, but has been treated in too complimentary a fashion by our handicappers. He never was a first or second rater in Australia, and, as his owner says, there is a certain admission of Colonial horses' superiority over ours when we find him asked to carry about a stone more among our racers than would be or was given him "down under."

An Invasion of South America

will be started in a few days. Mr. George Haughton, the well-known bookmaker, has organised a plan of campaign for Buenos Ayres. He has tried his hand at racing in the United States and India, and for years was one of the first speculators in France. Latterly, he has kept a moderate stud, which poor John Mumford trained at Exning, and with which he has been moderately successful. A selection of these will be shipped to Buenos Ayres, and with them a draft of stayers from Alec Taylor's stable, purchased for the purpose.

All difficulty about getting jockeys out there will be obviated, because E. Martin will have charge of the horses, as trainer, and ride. I hear that possibly the expedition may be enlarged, and a well-known Newmarket trainer join in the speculation. In that case, several more well-known English racehorses will be sent out. The scheme looks well, because, if the South Americans can afford to give such long prices as they do for our breeding and running stock, it stands to reason that proportionately valuable stakes are to be picked up in prizes or by betting. At the same time there is something odd in the motif, which is to take with our horses prizes in order to win which the natives have been importing the best racers bred here that they could buy, almost regardless of price. Up to the beginning of this week the Duke of Portland's winnings in stakes amounted to £68,992 18s.; at least, what are called winnings make that fine total. But then, we must remember that these are really gross receipts, and not winnings at all; because from them must be made all manner of deductions for stakes and forfeits, not to mention cost of horses training, travelling expenses, jockeys' fees, and presents, which altogether make a big discount off what looks so handsome a profit.

Apropos to the last item in my schedule of outgoings, it has been suggested that

The Duke of Portland's

recent question as to the present made Charles Wood by Mr. John Hammond is a little outside the Duke's ordinary scope. He does not believe in giving jockeys big douceurs beyond the retainers and fees agreed. At present the system of making very valuable gifts to successful riders is carried somewhat to excess, as they are regularly paid liberally enough. Still, no harm is done in putting a rider "on" so much, in case he may score a win. Where a great difference lies is in the fact that some owners bet and others do not. Suppose that a betting owner wanted a crack jockey to ride in a handicap, and promised him a thousand pounds for a winning mount. If his horse were at about ten to one, that would only mean backing it for £100 and letting the rider have the winnings. But if the owner's horse is engaged, say, in a Derby, and an odds-on chance, such owner not being one of the betting sort, a thousand pounds then would mean twenty to twenty-five per cent of the stakes—which is a very different thing indeed.

Thunderstorm's Accident.

Happily such accidents as that by which Thunderstorm met his death at Reading on the homeward journey from Kempton to Lambourne are rare, though it is wonderful that they do not frequently occur. The business of boxing and unboxing racehorses at railway stations is always dangerous, and hardly ever conducted quite carefully enough. You cannot but expect high-mettled racers to be restive when close to the metals on which a shrieking engine is drawing a fast train through a railway station.

Messrs. Tattersall,

both Edmund and Somerville, had a remarkably heavy week's work selling blood stock at Newmarket this week. They started on Monday, which for their purposes was an open day, and kept at work before and after racing for the meeting. One would wonder where all the horses came from, if it were not for the marvellous amount of money apparently always on hand to buy them. The better the goods, the more in proportion will they fetch, and the more readily are the thousands of pounds bid.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The London Bicycle Club

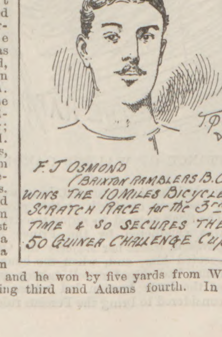
is the oldest, as it is the most important, cycling club of the kingdom, and last year the happy idea was hit upon of combining with two other high-class clubs, the Lewisham and Brixton, in holding a race-meeting. The success was a substantial one, and, as a natural sequence, the experiment was this year repeated on Saturday last, at the same place,

The Crystal Palace Grounds.

The cycling track at Sydenham is one of the best in the world, whilst the performances accomplished upon it have given it a very wide celebrity. The most important event of the meeting was

The Ten-Miles Race

for a fifty-guinea challenge cup, won last year by that flyer, F. J. Osmond, who holds the one-mile record. Osmond again rode, but was opposed by such formidable rivals as F. P. Wood, Brixton B.C.; W. A. Illston, the young Midland rider; and J. H. Adams, Lewisham B.C., besides others. His speed served him in the last rush a quarter of a mile from the finish, and he won by five yards from Wood, Illston being third and Adams fourth. In the



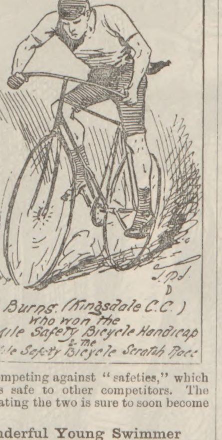
one-mile handicap (ordinary bicycles) the time, 2 min. 34 4-5 sec., was too good for Osmond, at scratch, the race being won by F. Weatherley, Argus B.C. (130 yds. start), with W. E. F. Ollis, Brixton Ramblers (170), second. H. R. Schmettau (100), who got third, was the only London B.C. man who secured a prize.

The Mile Dwarf Bicycle Race

gave one an excellent opportunity for seeing what can be accomplished by these little machines, for the winner, R. Burns, Kingsdale C.C., had precisely the same start (130 yds.) as had the winner of the other mile race, and was only 4-5ths of a second slower. T. Green, Catford C.C. (170), was second, and A. E. Griffin, Brighton Excelsior (100), third.

Burns,

the winner of the last race, created great surprise by winning the two miles dwarf bicycle scratch race. Several cracks, including S. F. Edge, were competing, but Burns, who was almost unknown, by riding hard all the way, instead of following the prevailing custom of "loafing," won by a length in 5 min. 48 1-5 sec. H. H. Sanson, Nottingham, was second. Burns's sportsmanlike tactics were much applauded. Apart from the private friends of the three clubs, the proceedings were watched by a very large and fashionable crowd congregated on the slopes. The meeting was a great success.



It will be seen that the dwarf bicycles and the ordinaries were kept separate. This is done out of deference to the very reasonable dislike which riders of ordinary high bicycles have of competing against "safeties," which are by no means safe to other competitors. The practice of separating the two is sure to soon become almost general.

That Wonderful Young Swimmer

J. Nuttall, having become a professional, the amateur championship swimming races have once again assumed an open character. We have rather a plethora of swimming championships, there being no fewer than five between 100 yards and half-a-mile; but in the case of so useful a recreation as swimming, the practice of which everyone should regard as a duty, one is not inclined to cavil. On Saturday last, at the Welsh Harp—the most suitable piece of water for the purpose near London—the half-mile championship was decided, and was won by that sterling swimmer, J. F. Standring, Zephyr S.C., who was already one-mile champion. Last year's winner, H. Bowden, was second, beaten less than twenty yards; and the long-distance champion, A. E. France, third. The winner's time was 14 min. 56 4-5 sec.; seven in all gaining medals for beating 16 min., which was very satisfactory.

Lawn-Tennis Championship.

The surprise of the Lawn-Tennis Championship, played, as usual, on the All-England L.T.C. Ground, Wimbledon, has been the play of H. S. Barlow, who last year won the West of England Championship, and this year holds a couple of local championships. In the second round, he was all but beaten by H. Grove; but in the fourth he electrified everyone by defeating the Irish champion, W. J. Hamilton, who earned such glory, in May last, by beating the two Renshaws on consecutive days in Dublin. This left him to play W. Renshaw, on Saturday, and a very large company assembled to witness the play, which was certainly of a very extraordinary nature. Barlow won the first set at 6—3 and the second at 7—5, which made matters serious for Renshaw, who, although he won the next two sets, did so with difficulty—one being won at 10—8 and the other at 8—6. In the fifth set Barlow obtained so long a lead, wanting only a few strokes to give him the match, that spectators thought that at last the long, long-waited-for "coming man" had come. But Renshaw, in a wonderful way, won game after game, and finally upheld the prestige of the name of Renshaw at lawn-tennis by winning the set at 8—6 and the match by three sets to two.

Considering how, now-a-days, the old champions give way to the new, and disappear, it was strongly impressive of the extreme difficulty there is in obtaining proficiency at lawn-tennis, to see the brothers Renshaw once more opposing one another, as they last did in 1883, in the match for the championship. In spite of the strong opposition that has been brought to bear against them, the twins manage to survive. During the match was exhibited some of the most brilliant play imaginable, and of the weakest. W. Renshaw, towards the end, played magnificently, and won by three sets to one.

The Match for the Ladies' Championship,

between Mrs. Hillyard, champion in 1886, and Miss L. Rice, an Irish lady, who has sprung at once into the front rank, was scarcely less keen, although for the best of three sets only, and not of five. Miss Rice won the first set at 6—4, and seemed to have the match certain in the second set, for she was within a stroke of winning it. But the cup never reached the lip: Mrs. Hillyard, who is noted for not knowing when she is beaten, winning the set at 8—6; and, in spite of Miss Rice once being ahead, the third also, at 6—4, and so won the match. As Miss L. Dod, the holder, and the finest lady player yet seen, does not defend her trophy, Mrs. Hillyard again becomes lady champion.

The First Gentlemen v. Players Match,

played last week at the Oval, was a match in keeping with the times. In spite of a fine first innings of 347 by the Gentlemen, the Players won by nine wickets. As in a recent Middlesex match, a number of runs had to be got in a short space of time (177 in just over two and a half hours). Two rapid run-getters, Quaife and Gunn, were sent in, and with the aid of Barnes, who succeeded Quaife, made the runs within twenty minutes of time, Gunn making a masterly 98, not out.

Henley Echoes.

This column would not be complete without some reference to the splendid racing at Henley regatta. The most veteran oarsmen present (and the veteran oarsman, like every other veteran, is open to the charge of being *laudator temporis acti*) enthusiastically admitted that never before had they witnessed a finer exhibition of pair-oared rowing than in the final of the Goblets. That Muttlebury and Gardner won is due to the abnormal stamina possessed by the president of the Cambridge University B.C.; and when we remember that, last year, Lord Ampthill, of the losing pair, was at Eton, the rowing of himself and Guy Nickalls can scarcely be too highly praised. With an interval of two feet only between the bows of the boats at the finish, it is hard to say that one pair is very much better than the other. Capital watermanship was shown in this race.

The opposition to Thames in the Grand Challenge came, not from the Leander eight, but from New College, Oxford, who made a fine race of it. Thames did the fast time of 7 min. 1 sec. in a heat. Last week I received a letter from America warning me that Psotta was a dangerous sculler, and one who trained hard and consistently, and who sculled faster at the end than at the beginning. His heats he won with ridiculous ease—in one case waiting for his opponent, who had been fouled by some skiffs. But Nickalls, who caught a piece of wood and nearly upset, took him along at such a rate in the final that he could scarcely finish at all. In view of his illness it is unfair to judge him yet; and I hope we shall see him again at some of our regattas.

Swans are very much abused by frequenters of the Thames; but they have never before spoilt a race at Henley. The victory of London in the Thames Cup would have been exceedingly popular and well-merited; and it seemed very probable, as London led Christchurch in the final heat, when a cygnet met the bow oar, which became jammed, and the boat was stopped, the race being, of course, all over. The form of the Eton eight was not as good as usual, the rowing being short, and "form" was maintained by their defeat, Christchurch winning the final, thus securing two cups. Third Trinity scored a welcome victory for Cambridge in the Visitors' (four oars, collegians), London securing a still more acceptable one in the Wyfolds (second-class fours). The Stewards' (first-class fours) was won easily by the fine crew of the Thames R.C.

At Marlow Regatta,

last Saturday, many of the Henley crews competed, but training rules had been relaxed in many cases. New College turned the tables on Thames in the Grand Challenge, winning by half a length; but, having fouled their opponents badly, everyone expected them to be disqualified. The umpire, no doubt for excellent reasons, but ones that were not apparent to anyone else, gave the race to New. Thames won the Senior Fours, defeating an Oxford and Cambridge mixture called Orkney Cottage; whilst Marlow, aided by some Oxford oars, W. F. C. Holland, easily won the Town Cup once again, beating Maidenhead and Reading.

The first week in July is always a week that is overcrowded with the realisation of the expectations of months previously, and this fact compels my remarks to be of a severely retrospective nature. Of the chief events that have taken place I have no reason to regret the prognostications which I ventured to place before my readers. BANSHEE.

Prize-Fight in America.—The long-expected fight between Sullivan and Kilrain for the Championship of the World and 20,000 dollars was decided last Monday. Sullivan won after seventy-two rounds. Both combatants were arrested after the fight. The fight lasted two hours and eighteen minutes. Neither combatant was seriously hurt. Richburgh, where the fight took place, is situated 103 miles from New Orleans, the ring being about an eighth of a mile from the railway, and surrounded by pines. The ground was level and well suited for the purpose, with a turf amphitheatre around the ring, on which about 2500 spectators were assembled.

YES, THE RUPTURED will still find Dr. Sherman at his London office, 64, Chancery-lane, where his wonderful success draws the afflicted from all parts of England, and where you and all others should go who entertain the hope of ever being cured. Our advice is, send for his books, English and American, post-free for 6d. in stamps, and inform yourselves.—[ADVT.]

SMOCKING PATTERNS FOR LADIES.—Mrs. LEACH has just issued some useful books for ladies, price 2d. each. Each book fully illustrated and complete, with plain instructions by Mrs. Leach. Smocking Lessons: Thirty illustrations. New designs for bodices, &c. Fancy bazaars, and what to make for them. Knitting quilts, shawls, and useful articles. Stocking knitting, twenty-seven illustrations. Crochet work, complete guide. Crochet macramé, fully illustrated. All newsagents, or by post 2½d.; three books, seven stamps.—Mrs. LEACH, 8, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London.—[ADVT.]

OUR QUEEN AND THE SHAH AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S GARDEN PARTY.

THE restful calm of Hatfield came not a day too soon for the Shah of Persia. Welcome to his Majesty must have been the interval of quiet at the Prime Minister's country seat, after the feverish round of pleasures the Prince of Wales provided for him in London. Take the 4th of July as an example of what the Shah was expected to go through in town. Albeit he was detained by the Royal State Ball till three in the morning, the Shah was up betimes, and shortly after noon received Mr. Gladstone, Earl Granville, Lord Rosebery, and other distinguished men, and several deputations, at Buckingham Palace. His Majesty Nasr-ed-Din was a few hours later the observed of all observers at the garden party given in his honour by the Prince and Princess of Wales in the grounds of Marlborough House. Wealth was particularly well represented, but was leavened with a few men of worth at this pleasant function. The Shah seemed to enjoy the lively scene. He was conducted by the Prince to the Royal pavilion, where her Majesty the Queen cordially greeted him, and, when the hour for departure came, bade him farewell, taking gracious notice of the little Persian lad whose attendance is considered to bring the Persian ruler success.

Her Majesty, who walked with the aid of a cane, was dressed in black, as usual. The Princess of Wales was attired as exquisitely as ever in a charming light grey silk dress, also silver and white silk flowers, there being, however, a broidery on the corsage; and her Royal Highness wore a beautiful bonnet of white tulle and lace. Princess Louise of Wales and the Earl of Fife came in for general felicitation.

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

The Valedictory Wimbledon.

It was a pity that the opening day of the last Wimbledon Meeting should have been such a wet one. Everybody had laid himself out to make the meeting the best on record, and to have the first day was deplorable. But all the good old Wimbledon spirit prevailed, and not even the rain could damp it. If anything in particular were calculated to give an impetus to the start it was the splendid score made by

Such a Soaker

Captain Lamb,

of the South Lancashire Regiment, whose performance showed once more what Hythe training can do. It is to be regretted that there cannot be more of it to lessen the shooting of the Volunteers generally. Hythe-trained men as instructors would not, perhaps, make marksmen of Wimbledon calibre, but they would make our rank and file come up to Colonel Coolidge's standard—soldiers who can hit a barn door at 200 yards and a haystack at 500. But Lamb's 220 out of 225 in forty-five shots at 800, 900, and 1000 is the Wimbledon long-range record. It beats Captain Barnett's 216 of last year by four points.

The American Team

have been winning all before them, and there is no wonder that they have been doing so. It is now quite evident that our men, anxious to reciprocate the good feeling of the men from over the sea, have taken on the latter far too easily, and without sufficiently considering the American proposition. So when the Honourable Artillery Company team met the Massachusetts champions at Nunhead they found the latter carrying arms which can only be called military rifles because they are issued to the Massachusetts Militia. With wind-gauges and aperture sights, the latter preventing the use of a bayonet, no Government (except, perhaps, that of Massachusetts) would think of giving them to soldiers; and for our men armed with a genuine soldier's gun, devoid of all fancy accessories to compete against such weapons is absurd. The matches had been accepted, and therefore must be shot; but it will never do to concede superiority to the Yankees because they have made higher scores with guns which would not be accepted by any army. The Yankees seem to recognise this, and have begun to practise with the Martini-Henry—probably to shoot against the North London Club on the last day of the prize-meeting. It is pretty certain that the North London men will not shoot unless they come down a bit.

Lord Wolseley's Circulars

get him into trouble as well as his speeches, and that one of a few weeks since, in which he says we must all show greatcoats or go without our capitation money, is causing especial stir among Volunteer commanding officers. They know very well that it cannot be enforced, but if they do not make a noise about it the subject may be troublesome presently. In the meantime, Sir Edward Hamley, who has more than once already been across the path of the Adjutant - General — the suppressed despatch, to wit—has given notice of his intention to draw attention to the matter in the Commons. Lord Wolseley has proved himself a capable leader and director of men; and it is a pity he cannot give a little time to study the institutions under which we live, and especially to learn that the last settlement of the Volunteer

THE LAST WIMBLEDON MEETING: THE RIFLE'S OPENING SHOT.

AFTERNOON TEA AT WIMBLEDON.

efficiency terms is a bargain which cannot be arbitrarily altered—even by the military authorities.

The Inspection Season

is pushing on fast now, and there are so many of these special parades that even Volunteers get surfeited with them. Once upon a time there was but the one official parade of Volunteers in each year, but the ordinary brigade drill, and now the Defence Brigade muster, make three. The Honourable Artillery Company is certainly over two hundred years old, if not more, but last Saturday it passed the first official inspection it has ever known. All things considered, and remembering that there are still some members who cannot yet realise that they are now subject to the responsibilities of ordinary Volunteers, I suppose the muster of about 270 infantry was good; but it would be interesting to know if that number represents the requisite two-thirds of the enrolled strength, and if it does not what will happen. The Company is to draw no capitation grant, and therefore cannot be in fear of having it withdrawn. Clearly new penalties must be devised for the H.A.C. If the Company could have stood beside the grand muster of the Artists the same evening, emulation might have fired the ancient and honourables to bigger musters.

The Sheerness Accident

is now said to have been caused by a drill-shell having been left in the bore, as well as the practice-shell which was being fired. This will explain the accident, but not how it was that someone in permanent charge of the gun—or the proper man of the Volunteer detachment—did not search the weapon before the firing began. It was neglect of this duty which caused a field battery at Aldershot, two years ago, to fire a shell nearly into the midst of a lot of people. Loading a breech-loader, whose breech comes only to a man's chest, he does not see through the gun, and thus fails to notice a projectile in the bore when he loads. This inquiry having discovered that a drill-shell was in the Sheerness gun, there should now be another inquiry to find by whose fault it remained there. Several people must be concerned in the neglect.

The Portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel Tully

in "The People's Army" last week was from an admirable photograph by Mr. Alexander Bassano, of 25, Old Bond-street, W. EYES FRONT.

CHILDREN IN THEATRES.

THE subject has been much discussed, owing to a deputation of working-men having waited on Mr. Augustus Harris at Covent-Garden Theatre. Mr. Harris spoke with much animation, and made out a good case against the Bill, and I think if a few of the well-meaning but utterly mistaken persons who fancy that children in theatres are not properly treated had been present at some of his performances they would have altered their tone. I was for several hours at Drury-Lane Theatre during the rehearsal of "The Spanish Armada," and can testify from actual observation. Mr. Harris, in order to make the great fight off Calais as realistic as possible, had a mimic man-of-war constructed, which came down the centre of the stage, swung round, and, having presented a broadside to the Spaniards, the English sailors then boarded the enemy. The heroes of the Armada were represented by about fifty boys, and it was most amusing to see the eagerness with which these urchins climbed on deck and swarmed about the rigging. The only difficulty Mr. Harris had was to subdue their youthful enthusiasm; but I could not help admiring his patience and kindness and the absence of "the big, big D—" which, I regret to say, is sometimes heard on the lips of managers—of course, only under great provocation. After three hours' rehearsal, the vessel not working quite so smoothly as Mr. Harris wished, he told one of his assistants to open one of the bars and give the boys some tea. What shrill cheers came from the heroes of the Armada, and how they made the oceans of tea and mountains of bread and butter disappear, I shall not readily forget, and I refer to the incident as a "fact" for the consideration of those who talk so recklessly about cruelty to children in the theatres. I was again a witness to the good-nature of Mr. Harris during the rehearsal of the pantomime last Christmas. Not a word was uttered, not a thing was done that could have harmed any child engaged.

"Drink, Puppy, Drink!"—This alluring invitation to our canine friends has been put into very practicable shape by the proprietor of Hudson's Soap, who is placing a number of small water troughs for thirsty dogs in the most public thoroughfares of our principal cities and towns.

The Death of Mr. Franz Thimm, the well-known author, Shakspearian scholar, and foreign publisher, of Brook-street, New Bond-street, took place at his residence in Fortis-green, Finchley, last Saturday. He was the second son of the late Captain Karl Thimm, of the Kaiser Joseph Grenadier Guard Regiment, who served with great distinction in the Brigade of Prussian Guards under Blücher at Waterloo.

"CLEANING SILVER."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using GODDARD'S NON-MERCURIAL PLATE-POWDER. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[ADVT.]

TO CURE SKIN DISEASES.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[ADVT.]

EVENING SPORTS AT WIMBLEDON.

A LETTER FOR "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

LEGAL COLUMN

["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

VII.—ON MAKING A WILL—(*Continued*).

MANY people have a superstitious aversion to making a will; and hence it often happens that the will is left till the last moment, and anybody standing at the bedside has to prepare it.

The Prudent Man,

even if he has but a small property, will, whilst in health and with a clear head, go to a solicitor and instruct him to prepare a will, which, if it be short, as it often may be, costs very little. But the prudent man is not so common as he should be, and cases must sometimes arise in which one suddenly finds himself called upon to prepare in a hurry the will of a dying acquaintance. It is therefore convenient to state here what are the general rules which must always be borne in mind in preparing every will.

All Property

to which a person is entitled may be disposed of by will; but a will cannot be made by a person under twenty-one years of age, nor can lunatics or idiots make a will. Married women are no longer classed with minors and madmen. A married woman may now dispose by will of any property, if held for her separate use, either under the Married Woman's Property Act or otherwise. There are some nice questions as to the testamentary powers of women married before the passing of the Married Woman's Property Act of 1882, but these cannot be discussed here, and do not affect women married since that Act. Every will must be in writing, and signed at the foot or end by the testator, or, if he be blind, or otherwise incapable of writing, by some other person in his presence, and by his direction.

The Signature must be Made,

or acknowledged, by the testator, in the presence of *two* or more *witnesses, both present at the same time*, and the witnesses must subscribe their names in the presence of the testator, as witnesses, at the foot or end of the will. The witnesses should add their addresses and occupations, although that is not essential. No person who takes a legacy, or other benefit, nor his or her husband or wife, should be an attesting witness. But an executor who takes no benefit under the will, or a creditor, may be an attesting witness.

A Will can be Revoked

by a codicil or another will, or by burning, tearing, or by otherwise destroying the will, either by the testator or by some person in his presence, and by his direction, with the intention of revoking the will. No obliteration, interlineation, or other alteration can have any effect, unless executed in the same manner as the will, but the will with such alteration shall be deemed duly executed if the alteration be signed by the testator and the witnesses in the margin. Marriage of the testator revokes a will. Codicils should not be made except to correct some minor detail. It is best to make a new will entirely if the changes are extensive or material, and to say in the new will that the old one is revoked. Every will should appoint executors, who should be competent adult persons, but the absence of the appointment of executors does not render the will void. It is best to have

Two Executors who are Disinterested Persons.

If a testator intends only to give his widow or children the income of property, and that then the capital should go over to some other person, this should be clearly expressed in the will, so as to make a distinction between capital and income. If illegitimate children are to take, they should be exactly described, for a gift to children does not generally include illegitimate children. It is best for every will to include a gift of the residue of the testator's property, where he has given a lot of legacies, or otherwise there may be an intestacy as to residue. Always advise a testator against attempting to act as the providence of future generations. Dissuade him from "tying property up" beyond the lives of living persons or their children. Such attempts are often void in law, and are generally bad in policy. Any money or other personal estate can be given by will to a charity, but no land nor proceeds of the sale of land, nor can money be given to establish a charity where it involves the purchase of land.

ANSWERS.

MODESTY wishes to know whether a lady can be compelled to marry a gentleman to whom she had given a written promise of marriage two years ago. He says he can compel her to marry him, and she wishes to know whether this is true or not. "Modesty" need be under no fear of this kind. The law does *not* enforce specific performance of agreements to marry. Whether the lady would be liable to damages for breach of the promise must depend upon the terms of the document and conduct of the parties. It may be that the too willing swain has himself done something which amounts to a variation or termination of the agreement, or the written promise may itself be conditional. Anyhow, "Modesty" will not be dragged to the altar.

H. S. H.—If a man dies intestate, leaving a widow, one daughter, and three sons, the freehold property will go to the eldest son, subject, possibly, to widow's dower, and all the rest of the intestate's property will be divided into three portions, of which one will go to the widow and the other two to the children in equal shares.

TADDY (Ireland).—Although the law as to land is very exceptional in Ireland, an executor must not buy of himself unless all the beneficiaries (C, D, and E) are of full age and consent (in writing or by deed).

AGREEMENT.—It is impossible to answer this question without seeing the letter itself, which might be sufficient to create a new tenancy.

A CONSTANT READER.—If A married after the Married Woman's Property Act, 1882, the agreement is still binding on her. At the expiration of the agreement, of course, the landlord can eject the tenant, unless new terms are made. The husband of a woman married after this Act is only liable to the extent of any property acquired by him through his wife.

J. L. THOMAS.—B has no legal remedy unless A had agreed to let B have the horse on that date. If there were such agreement, an action would lie; but damages might be small. A and B should agree to sell the horse, and end their squabbles.

M. J. H. R.—You are safe if not a customer. LEX.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—Write for Illustrated Guide, post-free. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11, Beech-street, London, E.C. Manager, H. Myers.—[ADVT.]

GARDENING IN SEASON

Flower Garden.

THE season for enjoyment to those who "love a garden" is now at its height, when the industrious worker may reap the reward of his labours. But though a season of comparative rest, the persevering horticulturist still finds plenty to do on all sides; watering alone occupies a great deal of time, and, besides training and tying, weeds, which always grow faster than anything else, must be destroyed, grass cut, and edgings kept trim and tidy. Neatness is essential to the full enjoyment of a garden; without it the finest flowers and the most careful cultivation lose half their charm.

Roses

are in all their glory just now, and, on the whole, much finer than could have been expected. The Hybrid Perpetuals are prime favourites with most people; but those who admire rare and delicate tints should grow such lovely tea-scented varieties as Catherine Mermet, Homere, Etoile de Lyon, Innocente Pirola, Madame Falcot, Madame H. Jamain, and Souvenir d'un Ami and others, as well as W. A. Richardson and Céline Forestier (noisettes). Homère is a grand rose, nearly as hardy and vigorous as the fine old Gloire de Dijon. I have seen hedges formed of both these roses, with excellent effect; and for autumn blooming there is hardly anything to equal them.

The little fairy or Lawrencia roses are very pretty. I saw a bed of them at Kew, recently, that took my fancy greatly. They also succeed well grown in small pots. Rosa rugosa is in full bloom now; the flowers are single, but very numerous and effective. There are three forms of this—the white, the pink, and a rich red or crimson form. In addition to their charming blossoms, these roses become covered with large scarlet fruit in the autumn, which forms an additional attraction.

Roses that are established in pots may still be planted out from these, and if kept well watered will flower nicely presently. This is also the season of

Lilies.

These stately plants are, perhaps, hardly as fine as usual, owing to the bulbs not having been properly matured last season, but in some pieces they are very good. The old white garden lily (L. candidum) is at once one of the most common and most charming of the tribe, and deservedly a general favourite. The orange, tiger, and Martagon lilies are each admirable in their way, and L. longiflorum, with long tube-shaped flowers of the purest white, a lovely variety. Lilium giganteum sometimes reaches a height of ten or twelve feet; it is quite hardy in well-drained ground, and the immense spike of drooping white blossoms forms a striking object. Nearly all lilies succeed best in a free loamy soil, and one of the best manures for them is soot. It is a somewhat curious fact that, at any rate, all the commoner kinds of lilies are capital town plants. The bulbs should never be disturbed in spring, the best and only proper time for removal being directly the foliage turns yellow after flowering.

Chrysanthemums

ought to be all in their flowering pots by this time. An exception may be made in the case of late flowering kinds, which may be potted on for a month to come with the best results. Some of the best varieties for late flowering are Ethel, Fair Maid of Guernsey, Princess of Teck, Mrs. H. Jones, Ceres, Mrs. N. Davis, and grandiflorum. These should be struck in the spring, not in the autumn like the ordinary show kinds, be potted late, and kept out of doors as long as possible, with a light screen of canvas over them at night as a protection from frost. They will also come along more slowly if kept in a somewhat shady place before being housed.

Work for the Week.

The surface of all flower-beds that have not had a mulch of cocoa-nut fibre or the like should be constantly stirred with the hoe. Some things, such as dahlias, fuchsias, asters, verbenas, and begonias (especially if recently planted), must be kept moist; but watering should be avoided as far as possible in the case of zonal and other pelargoniums (geraniums), petunias, gazanias, and all kinds of succulent plants. Watering always brings the roots to the surface, and, unless persisted in, they will soon become dried and scorched by the sun, and the plants ultimately suffer more than they gain. The layering of carnations should be commenced as soon as possible now. Where many plants are grown, this is a long job, and, as some varieties throw their "grass" much sooner than others, these should be taken first. Any shoots that cannot be layered should be cut off just below a joint, and inserted as cuttings under a hand-light in sandy soil and a shady place, or in a frame. Cuttings of choice pinks may now be got in. Insert them very firmly in light sandy soil, under a north wall, or in a frame in a shady position, and keep them moist and rather close until rooted. The old white pink is best increased by division of the large roots in September; dibble the pieces out in a bed of good soil at four to six inches apart.

Commence budding roses as soon as possible. This is always interesting work, and by no means difficult, if performed neatly and with some amount of skill. The bark works better in July than August, as a rule, though, if the weather is very dry, the briers should have a good soaking the previous day. Cuttings of zonal pelargoniums (geraniums) will strike freely in the open ground, if inserted at any time during the next month. Choose a bed in an open and sunny position, dig it over well, working in some leaf-mould and sand at the same time, rake to a fine and even surface, and put the cuttings in firmly, about four inches apart. Never mind the leaves shrivelling, and scarcely one in a hundred will fail to root and make a good plant. Keep the seed-pods picked off sweet peas and other annuals: this will greatly prolong their season of flowering.

Vegetable Garden.

The continued drought is beginning to tell upon some few things, the root-crops especially, and they should be lightly top-dressed with some stimulating substance, such as nitrate of soda, good guano, or a mixture of soot and super-phosphate of lime, or a little salt, which is, by-the-way, one of the best of all chemical manures for nearly all kinds of vegetables when used in moderation. If no rain comes, wash this in with a good soaking of water, and the effect will soon be perceptible.

Turnips

are always a troublesome crop in a dry, hot summer. If not kept growing the fly attacks them, and then it is all over with them. Endeavour to keep the soil moist, and if the fly appears dust the foliage with soot or wood-ashes while damp, and sprinkle the beds with nitrate of soda, watering it in subsequently. This will often enable the plants to grow out of it.

Cucumbers.

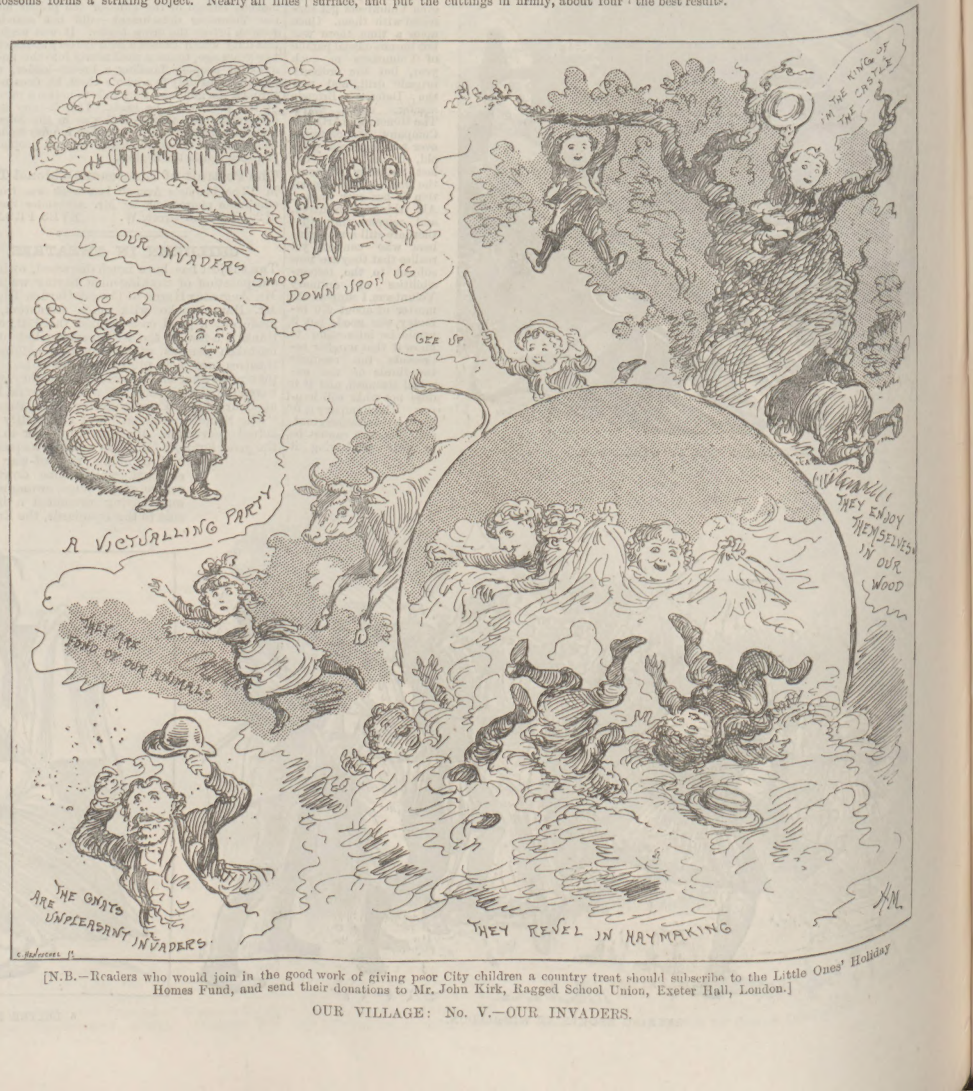
Whether grown in houses or frames these plants must have an abundant supply of moisture now, both at the root and in the atmosphere, with a slight shade from the scorching sun. Give air rather freely from about nine a.m. until five p.m., then syringe heavily and close the house until dusk, when syringe or two of air had better be given at the roof if the thermometer stands over 65 deg. Pinch the laterals persistently at one joint beyond the embryo fruit, whenever this can be seen; but do not let the growths become crowded or the foliage very dense.

Gather peas and broad beans as fast as they become ready for use; if allowed to ripen they will greatly exhaust the plants. Sow some seed of Cos and Batavian endive in a frame, and more lettuce where the plants are to remain: the Cos kinds are the best for autumn use. Plant out broccoli, savoys, kale, and other winter greens as fast as the ground can be got ready for them. Train and tie tomatoes loosely but firmly to strong stakes, and pinch out every side growth directly it can be seen.

Celery

for the main crops must be planted now. As a rule the red kinds are more suitable for late work than the white varieties, being of a hardier nature; there is nothing yet to beat Carter's Incomparable Crimson. Keep the plants constantly moist at the root, and, if the sun is very bright, shade them for a few days by some means; but if the plants are sturdy and strong, and taken up with plenty of earth round the roots, they will hardly feel the removal at all. The best stimulants for celery are salt, soot, and nitrate of soda, and a little of each may be sprinkled in the trenches now and again, and watered in, with the best results.

B. C. R.



[N.B.—Readers who would join in the good work of giving poor City children a country treat should subscribe to the Little Ones' Holiday Homes Fund, and send their donations to Mr. John Kirk, Ragged School Union, Exeter Hall, London.]

OUR VILLAGE: No. V.—OUR INVADERS.

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD: PARIS.—[LETTER VII.]

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Celebrating the Centenary of July 14.

[illegible] since the taking of the Bastille on July 14, [illegible], that day has been regarded in France as [illegible] national holiday. The democracy have [illegible] honoured it as the day of their emancipation from serfdom. The Bonapartists could hardly disregard it, since the Napoleonic dynasty arose out of the conditions which it created; but the Bourbons, in their most [illegible] days, have only shown it an apathetic respect.

The Count of Paris,

[illegible] now represents this [illegible] which learned nothing and forgot nothing, [illegible] for the [illegible] Fourteenth. He [illegible] all the Monarchists [illegible] that the Revolution [illegible] only the death-[illegible] of Feudalism, but the [illegible] of Monarchy. [illegible] is no longer possible in France. It is like [illegible] built on the sand [illegible]: it maintains [illegible] existence, [illegible] the recurring wave of [illegible] sweeps it away. The Count of Paris knowing [illegible] that it is impossible to re-establish the [illegible] by legitimate [illegible], has entered into a [illegible] with a military [illegible] and political [illegible] in order to undermine the Republic and [illegible] the democratic aspirations of France.

PLACE OF THE BASTILLE, PARIS.
(*From "Paris et l'Exposition de 1889," Maison Quantin, Paris.*)

The French Republic

[illegible] an ideal Republic. It is not even a democratic Republic. It is honeycombed with laws and institutions which belong to other régimes. Liberty is not entirely unshackled, repression is not unheard of, and the social problem is left unsolved. But the Republic has raised France from a position of humiliation to a position of power; it has organised a huge army, built a powerful navy, carried out important public works, and founded a great system of national education. Under the Third Republic, France, on the whole, has been happier, more prosperous, and more secure than under any former régime. Above all, it is a Republic; and a Republic is not an Empire or a Monarchy.

The present Exhibition is held to celebrate the centenary of the Revolution, and

The July 14 Celebrations

this year will be on a colossal scale. Those who will visit Paris on that date will see the city *en fête* as it has never been before. No city in the world is so well adapted for the purpose of decoration and illumination as Paris, and no people are so skilful in making a display as the French. The decorations of May 6, when the Exhibition was opened, will be repeated on a much grander scale. The whole town will be a mass of flags, trophies, and venetian masts. At night it will be ablaze with illuminations. The great fête in honour of the centenary of the Revolution will be unprecedented, and visitors then in Paris will be witnesses of a grand and historical scene.

[illegible] of the places to see in Paris is the site of [illegible] Bastille in

The Place de la Bastille.

[illegible] of the fortress of feudalism stands the [illegible] of July. This column commemorates, [illegible] taking of the Bastille, but the Revolution [illegible] July, 1830, when Louis Philippe replaced the [illegible] branch of the Bourbons and was introduced [illegible] Lafayette to the people of Paris as "the best [illegible] Republics"; but his throne was publicly [illegible] at the foot of the column eighteen years [illegible]. You can ascend the column for nothing, and for twopence you can inspect the vaults, where there are sarcophagi containing the remains of the fallen of July, 1830. The column is inscribed, "To the glory of the French citizens who rose in arms and fought for the defence of public liberties on the memorable days of July 27, 28, and 29, 1830." This site has always been one of the rallying-points of the people of Paris. Barricades were thrown up here in 1848, and again during the Commune of 1871. The Communists, before surrendering, had intended to blow up the column; but the fusee didn't light. Visit the

Panorama of the Bastille,

which is in this *place*, and obtain a realistic picture of the capture. Near the Exhibition, in the Avenue de Saffren, there is a reproduction of the Bastille and of the Rue St. Antoine, exactly as they were before the Revolution, which is well worth a visit. The charge in each case is 1f. Another franc will admit you to the

Exposition de la Revolution

which has been opened in the Pavillon de Flore of the Louvre. Here you will see numerous relics of the revolutions: articles taken from the Bastille, a large collection of revolutionary pottery, original proclamations, old flags and portraits, and specimens of the handwriting of Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, Marat, and other heroes of the Revolution. Visit, also,

The Musee Carnavalet,

in the Rue de Sévigné, which contains nothing but Parisian and Revolutionary antiquities. There is a collection of pictures of the scenes in the Revolutions of 1789, 1830, and 1848; a model of the Bastille, and many articles relating to the Revolution. The Musée is open free on Sundays and Thursdays. There is also a library of 60,000 volumes and 40,000 engravings on the history of Paris and the Revolution. The building itself has an historical value, as it was the residence for twenty years of that celebrated and brilliant Frenchwoman Madame de Sévigné. Another place which should be visited to recall memories of the Revolution is the

Hotel de Ville—

a magnificent building on the north bank of the Seine. It is the townhall of Paris. The spot where it stands has always been the centre of Revolutionary Paris. It was to a former Hôtel de Ville that the people rallied after the fall of the Bastille. It was here that old Louis XVI. donned the tricolour and accepted his doom. This was the centre of action in the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848, and the Communists had their headquarters here in 1871. They held the place against Thiers and the Versailles army until May 24, when after a desperate struggle hundreds were butchered and others perished by fire. Thiers showed no mercy; none was allowed to escape. The present Hôtel de Ville, yet unstained with blood, stands on the same site. The other most important centre of Paris of the Revolution is

The Place de la Concorde—

the finest site in Paris and in Europe. It was here that the guillotine shore off the heads of thousands during the Revolution. Here among the victims fell the King, Danton, Madame Roland, Charlotte Corday, Camille Desmoulins, St. Just, and Robespierre. To-day the obelisk of Luxor rises in the centre of the square, which is guarded by eight statues of the principal towns in France. These include the statue of Strasburg, which it has not been thought necessary to remove. It is always covered with wreaths placed there by the hands of a patriotic people.

Those desiring to visit Paris to participate in the magnificent Republican Fêtes of Sunday, July 14, may be especially recommended the Newhaven and Dieppe route of the London and Brighton Railway Company, if they would enjoy a good sea voyage calculated to "brush the cobwebs" from their brains in going to and coming from the "Gay City."

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.
(*From "Paris et l'Exposition de 1889," Maison Quantin, Paris.*)

EDISON'S ABSENTMINDEDNESS.

A NEW anecdote about Edison's absentmindedness appears in an American newspaper. After a brief courtship he married his first wife, and directly after the ceremony began thinking of some intricate problems. Without saying a word to his bride or the wedding guests, he went into his laboratory and began work. Mrs. Edison knew her husband's eccentricities, and finally, becoming sleepy, retired. When she awoke in the morning, her husband was still absent, and he did not appear all that day or the following night. It was just forty-eight hours after the marriage had been performed that Mrs. Edison, becoming alarmed, decided upon going into her husband's workshop, where she found the inventor lying on his workbench, sleeping peacefully. His wedding clothes were covered with oils and chemicals. This angered her, and she roughly shook the sleeping sage.

"Go away from me," he shouted, not knowing where he was. "Can't you see I'm thinking?" "I should say you were, Tommy," responded his wife. "Now don't you think it about time you gave me a little attention?" "Well, I'll think about it, as you request," responded the inventor. "Now please let me alone or I fear I shall be forced to set the new double back-action self-propelling fire hose all—all"——

At this juncture Edison suddenly "came to," and, jumping up, exclaimed: "Who am I, where am I, and who are you?"

A THRILLING STORY.

A ST. LEONARDS correspondent says that about a week ago the wife of a well-known tradesman in St. Leonards fell ill; and on Monday se'nnight the doctor gave his opinion that she could not live through the next day. On the Tuesday morning at ten o'clock the doctor pronounced his patient dead, the nurse who was in attendance confirming the opinion. The intimation of death naturally created great distress among the friends of the woman, who was laid out in grave-clothes, washed, and prepared for burial, and, being a Roman Catholic, a crucifix was placed in her hand as she lay on her bier. When it was announced that the woman was dying, a priest was sent for, but he could not attend, as he was out of town at the time.

About a quarter to ten on the Tuesday night the nurse entered the room without a light for the purpose of getting something which she knew where to find. While in the darkened chamber she was startled to hear a slight cry proceeding from the bed where the body lay, and she rushed from the room in a terrible fright. The widower, hearing the scream of fright, rushed into the chamber with a light, and was astounded to find that his wife had raised herself up in the bed on her elbow. She faintly uttered the words,

"Where am I?" and again relapsed into a heavy sleep. The opportunity was seized of changing the shroud for proper habiliments, and in about an hour and a half she woke again perfectly conscious. Next morning she was told of what had occurred, but was quite ignorant of everything that had passed, thinking she had only had a long sleep. She is now doing well, and it is hoped she will soon be restored to health and strength. The doctor describes the case as the most remarkable he has ever met with in his experience.

Three Persons lost their lives on Saturday while bathing in different partsof Devonshire. A man named Benjamin Pawley, employed on the Great Western Railway, was bathing in the river Laira, near Plymouth, and getting out of his depth and not being able to swim, he sank before assistance could reach him. While John Dyer, a painter, employed in Devonport Dockyard, was bathing in a lake, near the river Tavy, at Tamerton Folliott, he was seen struggling in the water, and two men put off to his assistance, but he disappeared before they reached him, and more than half an hour elapsed before his body was recovered. At Crediton a lad named Parker was bathing in some shallow water in the Bull Marsh when he was seized with cramp and immediately sank. His body was speedily brought to the surface, but efforts to restore animation failed.

Would you have your baby
Healthy, bright, and good?
Nurse it well and feed it
On DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.—[ADVT.]

CELANDINE is the only certain Cure for Corns. Never fails to remove by the roots. No cutting. Positively cures in a week. Thousands of testimonials free. 1s. Bottle by post for 14 stamps, from CHAVE and JACKSON, Chemists, Hereford. Sold everywhere. Refuse imitations.—[ADVT.]

WHAT THEY DO.

IF you have a dry, parched skin, with feverish symptoms, take "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" at once and regularly, and they will open the myriads of pores in the skin, and permit of the steady, gentle exudation of a refreshing, dewy moisture, affording the most marked relief and comfort to the patient.

If you have pimples, blotches, or scrofulous, eczematous, or other distressing cutaneous eruptive complaint, you will find that "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" will gradually and persistently effect an alterative, antiseptic, and purifying change in the blood, by which the latter is freed from poisonous impregnations, thereby cleansing and healing the skin, by depriving eruptive disease of the cause which gives it birth, and of the impure nourishment on which alone it can thrive.

Are you threatened with Typhus, Scarlet, Malarial, or other Fever, Smallpox, Measles, or kindred epidemic disease, or living in a district where any of such complaints are rife? Yes? then you may secure practical immunity from attack by using "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," or, at the worst, will suffer from but a mild type of the prevailing complaint; for "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," taken occasionally, but with regularity, are Prophylactic, or Disease-preventing.

Should you be subject to or suffering from Rheumatism, then use "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," for Sulphur is the oldest and best specific for Rheumatism, Rheumatic Fever, Sciatica, &c., while their pleasant taste and attractive appearance obviate all nauseousness. The "Sulphur Tablets" are of far greater efficacy and curative power than crude Sulphur, because of the constituents that are combined with the Sulphur, which develop and increase the palliative and curative properties of the Tablets.

Are you a delicate, disorganised, or ailing woman, lacking energy to enjoy life because of deficiency or poorness of blood, or of weakness in its flow? or, maybe, you are of constipated habit of body? Then, in either or all of such instances, if you will be content to obtain gradual and sure relief, benefit and cure, without violent hurry or hurtful shock to the system, take "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" in regular doses, for they will act for you in a threefold beneficial manner: *first*, by their alterative, or blood-*purifying* power; *second*, by their blood *tonic* effect, strengthening the flow and enabling the blood to imbibe, or otherwise take up, more vigour and power from the nutrient properties of the food taken into the stomach; and *third*, by corrective, gentle, yet effective laxative power, with beneficial influence on the kidneys, by which latter effect the bladder relieves the blood and system generally of poisonous nitrogenous *urea*, which, if not regularly excreted, and if retained only in minute quantities, will assuredly do immediate harm to the health. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" *are invaluable for women*, however weak or delicate, *at all times.*

Children occasionally need something to cool and purify the blood, especially in the summer and at the change of the seasons, and often require a gentle corrective against costiveness. Those who value the health and permanent well-being of their children should give them "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets." They attain the end in view in a gentle yet thoroughly efficacious, pleasant, agreeable form; while they never do harm, and do not, as so many medicines do, remove one evil only to create another. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are absolutely safe, and of great curative efficacy for children, the latter of whom like and eat the Tablets as a sweetmeat, because of their pleasant taste and attractive appearance.

Clergymen in large towns, studious or business men, and hosts of others—men and women—living more or less sedentary lives, find an absolute necessity for the occasional use of a corrective against constipation. To such "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are a boon, being alike safe, sure, and agreeable. Moreover, they cool and purify the blood, which in persons of sedentary occupations is apt to become thick, and slow in flow, and therefore more ready to take up or germinate disease.

"Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are put up in Packets, price 1s. 1½d. Order of your chemist or grocer; or will be sent, post-free, on receipt of 1s. 3d., from the Sole Proprietors, Frazer and Co, 29, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE,

Samples Gratis and Post-free.

Messrs. FRAZER and Co., 29, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C., wishing to have their "Sulphur Tablets" tested and judged on their merits, will send Samples to all who have not seen or tried them Gratis, and post-free. Don't call; but write a letter, or send a postcard, and name "The Penny Illustrated Paper."—[ADVT.]

NEW-STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BIRMINGHAM.

PROBABLY you think of Birmingham as a quite modern town, different from its neighbour Coventry, or from York, or Winchester. It is true, Birmingham is not so old as York, but it is pretty aged for all that; for

In 1309 William de Bermingham

showed, in a lawsuit, that his ancestors had a market in the place and levied tolls before the Conquest. So you see that Birmingham is no upstart like Chicago. And yet till recently it was a small place. In 1700 its population was 15,000, and even at the beginning of the century it could not boast of more than 73,000. At the present time it probably contains

Nearly 430,000 Souls.

"We make the Birmingham boobies work for us," said Dr. Johnson, when speaking to Boswell of the leisured culture of his native Lichfield. But to-day Birmingham works for the civilised world, and a single ward of the city is larger than was the whole town in Dr. Johnson's time.

Birmingham is England's Central City.

Near Leamington, about twenty miles off, is a large tree which is supposed to mark, as nearly as may be, the centre of England. Birmingham's situation, therefore, is favourable to growth, and its proximity to the coal and iron districts of Staffordshire and Worcestershire renders it a great emporium. There are, however, some natural drawbacks: there is no river, nor is there any natural elevation from which you can view the place as a whole.

The General Impression,

as you draw near by train, is of a wilderness of dingy red brick, with multitudes of tall chimneys, here and there the glow of a furnace, some dirty-looking canal winding its devious way, and innumerable lines of railway branching in every direction. The most pleasant approach is by the Midland Railway from Bristol, the most ugly by the Great Western or North-Western from Wolverhampton. Cowper's celebrated saying that "God made the country, and man made the town" comes forcibly on your mind; for while the natural scenery of Warwickshire and Worcestershire is exceedingly lovely, the towns with which man has contrived to disfigure this region are hideous.

I will suppose you have arrived at

New-street Station,

the largest, busiest, most confusing railway-station in England. Look at the roof: it is 1100 ft. long, 80 ft. deep, and 212 ft. wide in a single span. It contains 115 tons of glass and 1400 tons of ironwork. Make your way out into Stephenson-place, with the Queen's Hotel in the right-hand corner; and, farther on, the Exchange at the corner of Stephenson-place and New-street. This building is executed in stone and white brick facings, and is surmounted by a tower 100 ft. high. Inside the chief hall is 70 ft. long and 40 ft. wide. You are now in

New-street,

which is perhaps to Birmingham what the Strand is to London: the central thoroughfare and place of shops and loungers. It is a slightly curved street, somewhat dingy, though containing some fine shops, and you can walk from end to end in ten minutes. You will note the post-office and theatre to the left if, on leaving Stephenson-place, you turn to the left; and if you love old books you will pause a moment at Mr. Downing's old-fashioned book-store on the right. The pause will prepare you for the glories of what may be called

THE TOWNHALL, BIRMINGHAM.

Birmingham's Trafalgar-Square.

Here the Birmingham man who has not travelled supposes that your breath will leave you for a time when you contemplate the magnificent scene. You are in an irregular open space, to the right of you a very ugly church with a spire and a clock which is generally standing still. Grouped round the space are the Council House, Townhall, and Mason College, and dotted over it are statues.

The Townhall

is modelled from the Temple of Jupiter Stator in Rome; but an old Roman citizen, gazing at the walls and columns, black, not with age but with dirt, would think it a degenerate copy of the original. On a rusticated basement, 20 ft. high, is a series of fluted Corinthian columns, 40 ft. high, supporting entablatures with a pediment. The design and proportions are certainly admirable—but the surroundings and atmosphere! "Seen under a very clear sky it is silent glory and beauty," says an admirer. I have been in Birmingham many, many times, but it was never my fortune to see "a very clear sky" there; and I suspect no such phenomenon has been known since the building was reared in 1832. You are inclined to think that Ruskin is right in deprecating classic architecture in England—at any rate, in industrial England; for in a clean town like Cambridge the beautiful Fitzwilliam Museum is most impressive. "Pure the air and light the soil" writes Milton of Athens, where the classic temple reached its perfection, and where the long white colonnade filled the mind of the beholder with a sense of beauty and splendour. But a dirty black temple under a black sky, however excellent its design, produces an unfortunate effect. The great hall inside is 145 ft. long and

BIRMINGHAM'S HANDSOME MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

can hold 5000 persons. Mendelssohn appeared there in 1837, when his oratorio of "St. Paul" was performed; and his "Elijah" was first performed here, in 1846. The Triennial Musical Festival has been held here since 1834. From the platform John Bright has made some of his finest speeches.

Step once more into the open, and view

The New Council House.

It is of Italian architecture, is 162 ft. high to the top of the cupola, and is 296 ft. long. On the pediment over the central portico is a design representing Britannia rewarding the manufacturers. There is a series of exhibition-rooms within, opening into one another, and giving a length of 160 ft.; and there are, of course, the usual municipal offices. On the west side of the building is another portico, with a lofty tower above; this is the entrance to the Art Gallery, where, if you are a Londoner, you will very likely see some of your old Academy or Grosvenor Gallery friends, together with collections of pottery, jewellery, glass-work, &c.

Near by also are

The Public and the Shakspere Libraries,

the latter largely due to the public-spirited Samuel Timmins, and the most complete collection of Shakspearian literature in the world. When in the open air again you naturally look at the statuary, appropriate companions to the Roman temple. Peel and James Watt are commemorated, and there is a statue of Sir

Priestley, in which he is represented at the moment of the experiment which led to the discovery of oxygen. Huxley unveiled this statue on the centenary of Priestley's discovery. The other monuments are of local men. Mr. J. S. Wright, a late local worthy, stands looking down on the scene; George Dawson, the noted preacher and lecturer, stands under a canopy; and poor Sir Josiah Mason sits in a chair through all weathers. On a pretty drinking-fountain you note the familiar lineaments of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., in medallion.

At the back of the Mason statue is the college founded by him.

Josiah Mason

was a wealthy philanthropist, who acquired riches by making steel pens. He founded a splendid orphan asylum at Erdington, near Birmingham, and he gave the town this college also. He was what is called a "practical" man, who believed in "practical" education, and the Mason College is eminently "practical," strong in science, but weak in general literary culture. The building is a red-brick Gothic structure with stone details. Close to it is a lofty red-brick corner building, with gables and oriels. It is closed, and wears a sad, deserted aspect. It is the erewhile Liberal Club.

(To be continued.)

THE SIR JOSIAH MASON SCIENCE COLLEGE AT BIRMINGHAM.

CYCLE & CAMERA

In very little more than two weeks, now,

The Camping-out Season

begins. For those who intend to spend part of their holidays in either camp, it is high time to make the necessary plans and arrangements. There is no doubt that for Londoners the Southern Counties' Camp is the most convenient. Last year it was a great success; that it will be so again this summer I am quite sure, after reading the circular Mr. J. Dring, the camp hon. secretary, has just sent me. In the first place, the camp is to be

At Busbridge Park,

and there is no prettier country in England than that around Godalming. The circular is quite right in saying that it is "a centre which the cyclist, the artist, or the amateur photographer cannot fail to appreciate," for all around are good roads, beautiful stretches of moorland, reeded streams, and quiet pools, and delightful little old towns and villages. Of what can be done with the camera thereabouts is shown by the unusually pretty photographs made very much in the same neighbourhood last summer by Mr. R. W. Thomas, of Cheapside, who, by-the-way, has been appointed official photographer in the camp.

The programme is an excellent one. There are to be races at the Godalming Recreation Ground less than half a mile away, at which some of the leading racing celebrities will compete: camp sports, evening entertainments in the mess-tents, while novelties in the way of amusements, but not yet specified, are announced. A cricket-match will come off on the cricket ground in the Park between campers and the Busbridge Cricket Club, and lawn-tennis matches will also be arranged.

This is the calendar of events: Thursday, Aug. 1, camp opens; Friday will be given over to settling down generally and making excursions, arrangements for which will be made beforehand: Saturday, camp sports, one of the leading attractions of the week, and an entertainment in the mess-tent; Sunday, Divine service; Monday, Bank holiday, club races in the morning, a race meeting in the afternoon, and another entertainment in the evening; Tuesday, a cricket-match; for Wednesday the circular refers you to the Handbook; and on Thursday the camp closes.

There are other details about which full information is to be had in the Handbook, and I would advise all would-be campers to apply for one to Mr. Dring, hon. sec., 57, Chancery-lane, W.C. The tariff is not high. The tents will be as comfortable as tents can be made. The camp regulations promise the greatest freedom, but at the same time no disorderly conduct will be allowed. Altogether, my advice is, if you are one of those men to whom camping out is a pleasure, go to Busbridge Park next month by all means.

Mr. W. J. Harvey (50, St. George's-place, Knightsbridge, W.) is the race meeting hon. sec., to whom you can write for racing particulars.

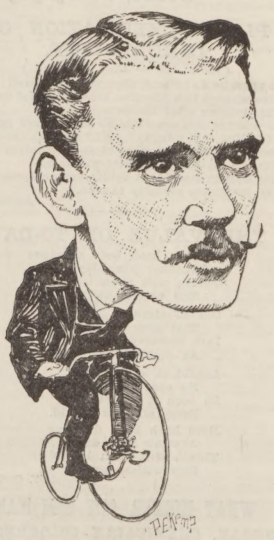
Of course the very first essential is that you really do take pleasure in camping out and its inevitable roughing it. For myself, personally, I prefer a hotel bed-chamber to a tent. But I am not so prejudiced as to be blind to the charms of camp-life or its picturesqueness. There are few prettier sights in the summer-time than a pleasant open space dotted over with white tents and shaded by far-branching trees. That there may be something very delightful and enjoyable in discomfort, when experienced out-of-doors, we know from writers like Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who thought even a tent a luxury, and preferred to spend his nights in a sheep-skin bag. His account of his travels "Through the Cevennes with a Donkey" ought to be far better known than it is, and, among Englishmen who dearly love out-of-door life, more popular than his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," or his "Kidnapped."

Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton knows even more of camping out, and has published the record of his experiences in a wooden tent, now on land, now on the river Saône, and of his explorations of an "unknown river" in his canoe. Everybody has read "Three in Norway," and that there is a strong bond of sympathy between campers and cyclists, to whom, therefore, all such experiences should be of interest, is shown by the success of these annual cyclists' camps, and of tours like that which Mr. Mecredy is to conduct through Scotland, during which the tourists are to camp at night instead of putting up at the hotels.

Speaking of tours reminds me of the great progress Mr. Elwell and his party are making. They stayed in Paris for eight days, being fêted by clubs there, then they made their way to Geneva in a week, and at the present moment ought to be wandering somewhere about the Black Forest. Their ride ends with the month. N. C. U.

SOUVENIR OF THE SOUTHERN CYCLE CAMP: YE OLD CROCKS OF YE BRIXTON B.C.
(From the Photograph by Mr. R. W. Thomas, 121, Cheapside.)

CYCLISTS OF TO-DAY.



Holder of the 24-hour Record—viz., 208 Miles, made Oct. 20, 1888, on a Geared Facile.

NO. 1.—PERCY A. NIX, BRIXTON RAMBLERS BICYCLE CLUB.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE have tried the effect of wearing HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BATTERY BELT for the prevention or cure of disease, and in every case the result has been most satisfactory. All in search of health should wear this, the only bona-fide reliable galvanic belt, recommended by thousands (see testimonials), for the immediate relief and speedy cure of all rheumatic and nervous affections, impaired vitality, liver and kidney diseases, ladies' ailments, &c. Pamphlet and advice free on application to Mr. C. B. HARNESS, Consulting Medical Electrician, the Medical Battery Company (Limited), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). Note only address.—[ADVT.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I have great pleasure in giving this week a Sketch of Ferny Bank, the

"House of Rest for Women in Business,"

at Babbacombe, Devonshire. You remember I told you about it a week or two ago, and explained how it was established ten or eleven years ago by a Miss Skinner and her sister for the benefit of shop-girls, dressmakers, milliners, employées in business houses, post and telegraph clerks, etc.

Ferny Bank

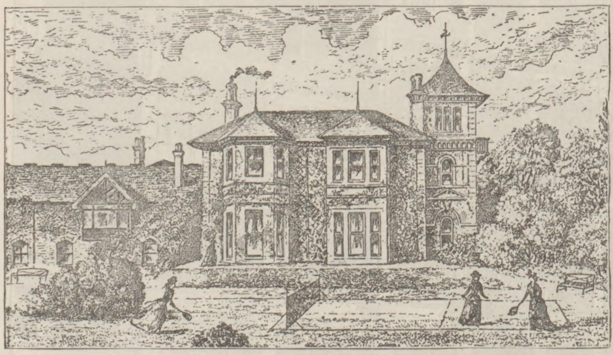
is very prettily situated on Babbacombe Downs, than which there is nothing more beautiful of their kind in England. You can see from our Sketch what a very pretty and commodious house it is, with its smart tower (what a charming view that must be from it!) and the "annexe" with the dormer window. There is a very good garden, and, in the Sketch, we can see that the tennis-court is not cramped for space. During the first summer that Ferny Bank was opened for occupation

Seventy Business Women

were accommodated at a time for their annual holiday. About fifty of them learned swimming, and this novel and useful accomplishment, with boating, picnic expeditions to various show-places in the neighbourhood, and tennis, made up the outdoor life. But the mere fact of living in the fresh sea air made, even in a few days, a marked improvement in the health and appearance of the jaded visitors. This House of Rest has a twofold object. First, to provide for

The Holiday Season,

and to afford the means of visiting the seaside at a time when lodgings are very expensive. The second object is the prevention of illness by timely rest for overworked minds and bodies, together with change of air. Many and many an inmate has been saved from a bad illness by the much-needed rest and recreation found at Ferny Bank. Those who are interested in the work done by the Misses Skinner can help them in many ways. For instance, they are delighted to get



FERNY BANK, A DEVONSHIRE HOUSE OF REST FOR LONDON SHOP-GIRLS.

Books and Newspapers,

such as bound yearly volumes of magazines, or the illustrated papers; and just now some special donations of money are needed to repair the roof; to put in a heating apparatus, in order to make the house suitable for winter as well as summer; and to build some additional offices. But I would again suggest an application to Miss Emily Skinner for a copy of the eleventh annual report, from which the greater part of my information respecting the House of Rest is taken. Next week I hope to tell you a little about another excellent institution intended for poor women.

The month of July is an exciting season in London for women. I am sure you all know why. Not because of Henley Regatta, or the Oxford and Cambridge Cricket-match, but on account of the

Clearance Sales

at all the shops—east, west, north, and south! I do not go so far as to say that the reign of rubbish sets in this month, but, indeed, there is something very like it; and nothing is stranger than the state of self-sacrifice in which the shopkeepers generally seem to live from the first Monday in July until the end of the month. Goods must be cleared out, so they are offered invariably under cost price! I have always been of opinion that

Bargains

are the most expensive things in the world. In nine cases out of ten we could do without the article we buy just because it is cheap. I think it was the famous Sidney Smith who once said: "If you want to make the most of a small income, and have a thought of buying anything, always ask yourself these two questions—'*Do I really want it?*' '*Can I do without it?*' These two questions, answered honestly, will double your fortune." Extravagance does not really depend upon the amount of money we spend, but upon how we spend it. You may lay out ten pounds admirably, and squander sixpence in a most reckless manner. Apropos to buying bargains, I must tell you an

Amusing Story.

There was once upon a time a gentleman who had a mania for buying secondhand furniture at auctions; and the consequence was that his house became, at last, inconveniently crowded up with very old-fashioned and useless articles. His wife bore it as long as she could; but, finding that there would be very soon no room to move about her house, she took the responsibility upon herself, and sent off a cartload or two of the least useful tables, chairs, cabinets, &c., to an auction-room for sale. Imagine her horror when, the day after the sale, nearly every article she hoped she had seen the last of came back. Her husband had wandered into the auction-room, and, not recognising his own furniture, had bought it up even a greater bargain than at first.

I am quite distressed when I think how many women will this month fall victims to ill-cut and ill-fitting

Ready-Made Gowns.

Buy a pretty skirt or two, if you can find them among the mass offered for your inspection, but avoid those tossed and tawdry, over-trimmed articles which have been knocking about the whole of the summer: nothing can bring back the freshness of their youth. If you like those little flower-bonnets which are so much worn now, you can very easily make one of them up for yourself. At almost any draper's you can buy the shape, which looks exactly as if it were made of rose-stems, thorns not even forgotten, and then you can cover it with roses, or any flower you fancy; but roses, without foliage, I think look best. A few brown leaves are an improvement, if the flowers are pink or yellow; and you should have very narrow velvet strings the colour of your flowers. Before you set to work to make your bonnet, look in at Brandon's window, in Oxford-street, or Madame Valerie's, in Conduit-street, and make a note of the flower-bonnets you see therein. You will then have no trouble.

I know a great many people think it is very meritorious to have

A Cold Dinner

on Sunday. This being the case, you may like a receipt for a "Mont Blanc Pudding," which is, of course, the coldest of the cold. Take a basket of fresh raspberries and half a basket of red currants, and stew them together with enough white sugar to sweeten them; when done, pour them into a dish or basin, and put into them some slices of white bread about a quarter of an inch thick. Line a moderately sized pudding-dish with slices of the soaked bread; pour in some of the stewed fruit; cover it with a layer of the soaked bread, then more fruit, and so on, until the dish is full. Cover the top with unsoaked bread; put the dish in a cool place; lay a plate on the top, and on the plate put a half-pound weight. By means of this pressure the bread and fruit will become thoroughly incorporated, and in four hours, or, perhaps, a little more, the pudding can be turned out on a glass dish. Pour a little fruit-juice over it, and, just before sending it to table, cover it with whipped cream, or well-beaten whites of eggs. You can make a custard of the yolks, and it will go very well with your Mont Blanc pudding.

I suppose a great many of you are rather busy just now

Making Jam.

Let me give you a hint or two. The most important is that it is better to spend an extra halfpenny *per pound* on the sugar than to preserve with sugar made from beetroot; and that if you are making red or black currant jelly you *must* put one pound of sugar to a pound of juice, otherwise your jelly will not stiffen, and the colour will be bad. Also, you must never attempt to make jelly out of fruit that has got wet. When you are preserving

Plums,

cut them with a silver knife when you take out the stones; or, just open each plum, and then put them into your preserving-pan *without any sugar*. The stones will soon come out; you should then set to work and crack them as soon as possible, and be sure you preserve the liquid you will find inside with the kernels. Add every drop of it, with the *blanched* kernels, to your fruit, then put in the sugar and boil for the proper time.

MARGUERITE.

To Students.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend Cadbury's Cocoa; its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[Advt.]

NOBILITY OF LIFE

Cease, every joy to glimmer on my mind; | But leave, oh! leave the light of hope behind.

PLATO'S MEDITATION ON IMMORTALITY.

(*Born 429 — Died 347*, B.C.)

It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well;
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on itself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Addison.

THE VALUE OF TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born,
Into eternity
At night doth return.

Behold it aforetime
No eyes ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

T. Carlyle.

PLATO MEDITATING BEFORE SOCRATES; THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY.

(The Portrait of Plato is copied from an exquisite gem of high antiquity in the British Museum.)

THE MAN AND GENTLEMAN!

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an Honest Heart.
Who misses or who wins The Prize—
Go lose or conquer as you can,
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a Gentleman.

Thackeray.

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THE SHAH'S GLOBE OF PURE GOLD.

(*To the Editor of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*)

DEAR SIR,—Thinking many readers of your most excellent paper (for it is one of the greatest blessings to the working classes, and deservedly so) might like to know something about the symbolism and legendary lore of precious stones (for there really is a language of their own of a far greater interest to the world at large than the flowers that spring and blossom around our feet), I hasten to send you a few particulars of jewels mentioned in your Paper of the 6th inst., which decorate the Golden Globe of his Majesty Nasr-ed-Din.

1. The British Isles flush and glow in Diamonds.—It is strange to note that the one gem, the most beautiful of all precious stones, should be the only one about which there should be any doubt.

2. France is Resplendent in Brilliancy of Emeralds.—Marbodus says, in the Commentary of Michael Ayguam, the emerald is exceeding green, surpassing all gems and herbs in greenness. It is found only in dry and uninhabitable country. Through the bitterness of its cold nothing can dwell there but griffins, and one-eyed arimasps that fight with them. By the emerald we understand those who excel others in the vigour of their faith, and dwell among infidels who be frigid and arid in love. The emerald, which heals, gives eloquence, riches, conquest, clears sight, fortifies memory, banishes luxury and sorrow, typifies the Passion of our Lord which spiritually doth all these things. The emerald is the fourth foundation-stone of the Heavenly Jerusalem mentioned in the Apocalypse of St. John, and has been thought to represent *Hope*, *Truth*, *Constancy*. This gem, when perfect and weighing more than two carats, is as valuable as the diamond.

3. Turquoise Stones represent Germany.—The Venetians were the first people to bring this gem into Europe from Turkey, called it *turchesa* and afterwards *turquina*, hence its name. The Oriental turquoise is found in the alluvial lands of India and Persia; it is a gem of the greatest beauty, and of the colour of the azure skies. It is commonly reported every turquoise loses its fine colour. In the Middle Ages it was asserted that it grew pale on the finger of a sickly person, and that it regained its beauty on the hand of a perfectly healthy person. Other people said its colour varied with the hours of the day, saying an attentive observer might use it as a sundial. In Germany, at this very day, it is believed, when offered as a love-gift, it remains unchanged while love lasts, but loses its colour when affection declines. It has been said that only "old maids" wear the turquoise: if this be so, it must be a thing of beauty in their eyes, and since it has ever been singled out to represent *Prosperity* we will not envy old maids and bachelors of their most precious and most glorious of all precious stones.

4. Russia is marked out by Rare Rubies.—There are several kinds of this precious stone—1. The Oriental Ruby; 2. The Spinel Ruby; 3. The Balais Ruby. The most valuable rubies come from Burmah, and have been known for centuries as coming from that district. It is said the king of that country possesses some of the finest rubies, and it may be of interest to note that he is called *Lord of the Rubies*. This precious stone represents *Divine love*.

5. The Whole Continent of Africa is a Mass of Emeralds.—Having given the symbolism of this precious stone above, it need not be repeated. It only remains to be said that no single gem has been made to do duty for two countries before, and must put this freak to the necessity of the hour, for the want of other gems, such as the *Topaz* and *Sardonyx*.

6. India is richly clad in pure whiteness of Pearls.—This is the only gem with the diamond that is spoken of as being of the "first water"; but the pearl is not a gem, simply the production of a secretion of some bivalve shell.

7. America sparkles in Spar Amethyst.—This gem is of a beautiful violet or purple colour. Its colour signifies earthly suffering; its emissions of rosy flames, prayers for those that cause it. For Marbodus says, "It is the virtue of virtues to pray for persecutors"; and Ayguam affirms the amethyst gives a clear sight, and makes it symbolical of the Beatific Vision. This gem signifies *Sorrow, and deep love*. Amethysts are frequently seen engraved, and Pliny gives this as a reason why they are cut: *Sculpturis faciles*.

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TAYLOR BROTHERS, MARAVILLA, HOMŒOPATHIC, ROCK, FLAKE, PEARL, and PURE COCOA MANUFACTURERS.

Brick-lane and Wentworth-street Steam Mills, Spitalfields, London.

DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD. SOLD EVERYWHERE. "USED NOW IN ALL THE ROYAL NURSERIES."

BIRKBECK BANK.—Established 1851. Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, W.C. THREE PER CENT INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand, and Two per Cent on Current Accounts when not drawn below £100. No charge for keeping accounts. Stocks and Shares purchased and sold.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

EMIGRATION TO QUEENSLAND BY STEAMER.

FREE PASSAGES are granted to FEMALE SERVANTS, Housemaids, Laundresses, Cooks, &c., of good character, between seventeen and thirty-five years of age, on payment of £1 for ship kit and fare to depôt in London, all of whom are in great demand in the Colony, and receive wages from £20 to £50 per annum, and board and lodging. An experienced Matron accompanies each steamer, and, on arrival, passengers are received into the Government depôt, free of cost.

Assisted passages are also granted to approved females, such as nurses, seamstresses, &c., and to labourers whose labour is connected with the land, such as ploughmen, gardeners, miners, navvies.

Forms of application, rates of passage, handbooks, and all other information may be obtained on application to THE AGENT-GENERAL FOR QUEENSLAND, 1, Westminster Chambers, Victoria-street, London, S.W.

All persons who pay their own passages to the Colony should apply for LAND ORDER WARRANTS. Forms and particulars to be obtained from the Shipping Firms booking the passengers, or from the Agent-General for Queensland.

£2 Weekly Realised by Either Sex without hindrance to present occupation. For particulars and sample, inclose addressed envelope to EVANS, WATTS, and CO. (P 5), Birmingham.

FOR SIX PENNY STAMPS we will send you samples of goods (including Silver Spoon) carriage paid, by which you can earn 5s. daily and upwards in spare time. Either sex. Stamps refunded when samples are returned. J. DRAPER and CO., Manufacturers, Blackburn.

TOO FAT.

Dr. GORDON'S Elegant PILLS cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s., to Dr. GORDON, 10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

"Invaluable in facial neuralgia."—Medical Times.

TONGA.—"TONGA maintains its reputation in the treatment of neuralgia."—Lancet.

Tonga is sold at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

CURE OF DEAFNESS, Noises in the Ears, Stammering and Stuttering, and other nervous ailments. The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON may be consulted personally or by letter, free of cost. New Treatise, post-free, 6 stamps.—24, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, London.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

½ oz TABLETS

£1000 Reward!

WILL BE GIVEN TO ANY PERSON WHO CAN PROVE THAT THIS SOAP MANUFACTURED BY LEVER BROS., PORT SUNLIGHT ON MERSEY, CONTAINS ANY FORM OF ADULTERATION WHATSOEVER, OR CONTAINS ANY INJURIOUS CHEMICALS

LESS LABOUR GREATER COMFORT

GUARANTEED PERFECTLY PURE, GENUINE, AND FREE FROM ADULTERATION. ALL DEALERS ARE AUTHORIZED TO RETURN PURCHASE MONEY TO ANYONE FINDING CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.,

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain, Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, S.Sc.C. Cambridge University, Member of the College of Physicians, Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland; Hon. Member, Societies of Hygiene of Paris, Bordeaux, and Belgium; Laboratory, Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's-green, Dublin,

Feb. 15, 1888, REPORTS:

I have carefully analysed specimens of the SUNLIGHT SOAP submitted to me for that purpose by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Warrington, and the following are the results at which I have arrived:

* * * * *

The points in the composition of this Soap that are most valuable are its freedom from free alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. I EMPLOY THE SOAP, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it.

(Signed) CHARLES A. CAMERON.

Sunlight Soap

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

2/6 UNPRECEDENTED OFFER! DO NOT MISS THIS! 2/6

40,000 WATCHES WERE GIVEN AWAY IN 1888.

50,000 MORE TO BE GIVEN THIS YEAR, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.

Messrs. GRAHAM and CO., the Eminent London Jewellers and Sole Inventors and Manufacturers of the Celebrated

CARBON DIAMOND AND EGYPTIAN GOLD JEWELLERY,

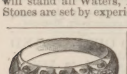
Intend to present to each Purchaser of one of their Egyptian Gold Chains A BEAUTIFUL WATCH, as shown in the Engraving.

These magnificent Chains are manufactured in the most fashionable and costly patterns, to suit ladies and gentlemen, and may be worn without the slightest fear of detection, as they positively equal in appearance and wear GOLD CHAINS COSTING £10 EACH. This is a bona-fide offer, and we challenge the trade in the sum of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS to supply anything to equal this at the above price.

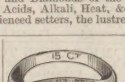
HOW IS IT DONE? The answer is very simple. We calculate that when we have sold 10,000 Chains, we have made 10,000 customers, who will keep our Catalogues by them, and will have all their Jewellery at our Establishment. In proof of this fact we quote figures. We beg to inform our Readers that we have already sold over 60,000 CHAINS since January last, and have also presented our customers with OVER 60,000 WATCHES, and the result is that we have made 150,000 friends: for our goods have been shown about, and consequently we have received thousands of repeat orders daily, and the numerous flattering testimonials that are constantly coming in from delighted purchasers has determined us to present another 50,000 WATCHES, as stated above, to all who purchase one of our beautiful Chains. These Chains can be had in Fetter, Prince of Wales, and other patterns.

EGYPTIAN GOLD AND CARBON DIAMONDS.

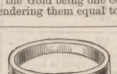
The only perfect substitute yet invented. The new Gold and Diamonds are perfect in every respect, imitating in appearance 18-ct. Gold and Diamonds of the first water. Having been tested, we are confident of their wear. They will stand all Waters, Acids, Alkali, Heat, &c., the Gold being one colour throughout, and beautifully finished. The Stones are set by experienced setters, the lustre rendering them equal to the most expensive Diamonds.



Five-Stone Engagement Ring.
White or Mixed Stones.
Very handsome.
Post-free, 3s. 6d.

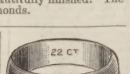


Ladies' Mixed Stone Dress Ring.
Consisting of Pearls, Rubies, and Turquoise. Cannot be equalled at four times the price charged.
Post-free, 2s.

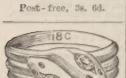


Ladies' 5-Stone Half-Hoop Dress Ring.
Very handsome (our specialité); mixed stones; wear guaranteed; equal to one costing £5.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Handsome Buckle with One Splendid Brilliant.
Can be worn without fear of detection.
Post-free, 3s. 6d.

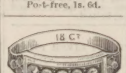


Wedding Ring.
Equals 22-ct., and is stamped; has as good an appearance, and wears same purpose; will stand all waters.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Double-Headed Snake Ring.
Diamond and Ruby Eyes. Can be worn by Lady or Gentleman.
Post-free, 4s. 6d.

Buckle Keeper.
Beautifully engraved.
With Polished Buckle.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Pearl Dress Ring.
Very neat and handsome, having Five Pearls, undetectable from the real stones.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Engraved Keeper.
Beautifully chased and well finished, equal to one costing 50s.; detection defied.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Ladies' Gipsy Brilliant Ring.
A Perfect Gem.
A Pretty Present.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

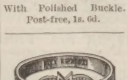
Read what the Public say.

"Waterloo-place, Wick, Nov. 14, 1887.

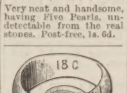
"Gentlemen,—Received goods safely, and am very pleased with them. Please send Wedding and Dress Ring, 2s. 6d. enclosed.—Yours truly, D. BAIRD."

"Dec. 9, 1887.

"Gentlemen,—The Ring to hand this morning. I consider them to be better than what you state; I am fully satisfied and delighted.—Yours truly, J. T. A., Wood-green."



The Beatrice.
Our latest Design. Can be had in any kind of Stones, Pearls, Corals, Rubies, &c. style, quality, and economy combined.
Post-free, 2s. 6d.



Gent's Massive Blood-Stone Signet Ring.
Really Marvellous Value. Selling in Thousands.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Gent's Single-Stone Lustrous Brilliant Claw Ring.
Most fashionable setting (The Jubilee). No more £20 ones required—this is as good.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

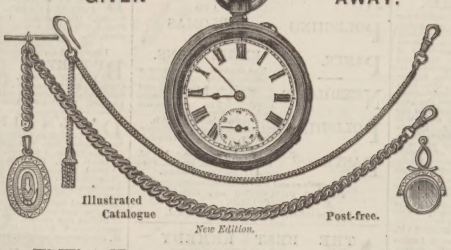
Read what the Public say.

"Dec. 16, 1887.

"Sirs,—I received the Ring safely, and am very pleased with it indeed, especially with the brilliancy of the diamond, which sparkles quite as good as the real article.—Yours truly, A. NEWMAN, Station-square, Harrogate."

"Dec. 19 1887.

Dear Sirs,—I am very much pleased with goods sent and can well recommend them to the public.—H. NIXON, 162, Hamstead-road, Handsworth."



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INTENDING PURCHASERS SHOULD SEND AT ONCE IN ORDER TO SECURE THIS WONDERFUL GIFT.

Sent, carriage paid, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps for **2s. 9d.**; Two, post-free, **5s. 3d.**; Locket or Seal Charm, **1s.** extra.

Foreign Stamps not accepted.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS.

HUNDREDS RECEIVED DAILY.

"Church-street, Lumley, March 16, 1888.—Dear Sir,—I write to let you know that I have received the Albert and Watch all safe, and am well pleased with them. I have no more to say at present.—W. TWEDY."

"Alma-street, Kentish Town, April 27, 1888.—I received Chain and Watch last evening safely, for which receive my best thanks. I am very pleased with both.—W. S."

"36, Warwick-road, Maida-hill, April 23, 1888.—My sister having seen the Chain I purchased from you, she would like one like it. Please send one.—MRS. LEGGATT."

"Halstead, Essex, Dec. 20, 1888.—Sir,—Please send me two more Chains, one Locket and one Seal, like the ones you have sent; also the Watches.—Yours truly, WM. COOPER."

"3, Almshouses, Dénham, Dec. 12, 1888.—Sirs,—With great pleasure I received your Watch and Chain. I thank you very much; they are really very beautiful.—Yours obediently, Mrs. MARSDEN."

"Weekly Cottage, Kettering, Aug. 31, 1888.—Sir,—I received the Watch and Chain this morning, and was very pleased, more so with the Watch presented, as I think it is beautiful. Please send Sovereign Purse, 2s. 6d.—B. BARNES."

"98, Old Palace-road, Norwich, Dec. 30, 1888.—Sir,—I write to let you know that I received the Chain and Watch safely, and am very pleased with them. Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year.—Yours truly, R. CLARROW."

SEND FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE, NOW READY.

For Size of Finger, cut hole in card.

NOTICE.—Postal Orders preferred. Send for our New Handsomely Illustrated Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, post-free. Address—

P. GRAHAM & CO., NEW INN-CHAMBERS, WYCH-STREET, STRAND, LONDON.